

"We do not take possession of our ideas but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where like gladiators, we must fight for them."—HEINE.

The ARENA

EDITED BY
B. O. FLOWER.

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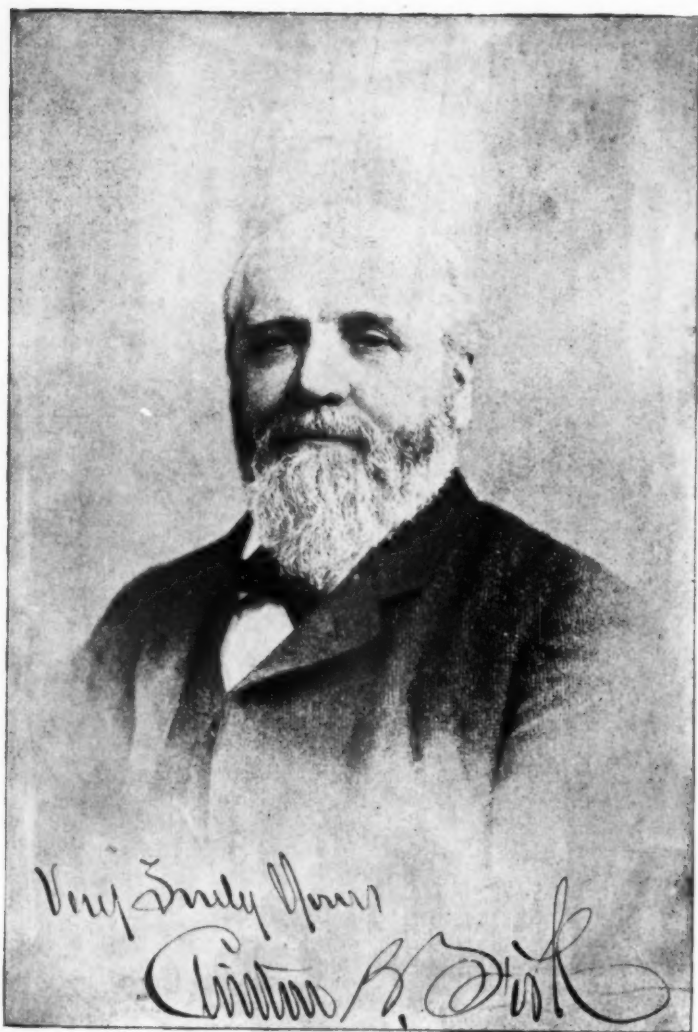
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Christian B. Dick

THE ARENA.

No. III.

FEBRUARY, 1890.

IN THE YEAR TEN THOUSAND.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

(*Two citizens meet in a square of the vast city, Manattia, ages ago called New York.*)

First Manattian.

Welcome. Whence come you?

Second Manattian.

I? The morn was hot;
With wife and babes I took the first air-boat
For polar lands. While huge Manattia baked
Below these August ardors, we could hear
Our steps creak shrill on dense-packed snows, or see
The icy bulks of towering bergs flash green
In the sick arctic light.

First Manattian.

Refreshment, sure!
How close all countries of the world are knit
By these electric air-boats, that to-day
Seem part no less of life than hands or feet!
To think that in the earlier centuries
Men knew this planet swept about her sun,
And even had learned that myriad other globes
Likewise were sweeping round their myriad suns,
Yet dreamed not of the etheric force that makes
One might of motion rule the universe;
Or, if they dreamed of such hid force, were weak
To grasp it as are gnats to swim a sea.

Second Manattian.

They dreamed of it; nay, more, if chronicles
 Err not, they worshipped it and named it God.
 We name it Nature, and it worships us;
 A monstrous difference! . . . Yon lithe fountain plays
 Cool in its porphyry basin; shall we sit
 On this carved couch of stone and hear the winds
 Rouse in the elms melodious prophecies
 Of a more temperate morrow?

First Manattian.

As you will. (*They sit.*)

Watch how those lovely shudderings of the leaves
 Make the stars dance like fire-flies in their glooms.
 It is a lordly park.

Second Manattian.

Ah, surely it is!

And lordliest this of all America's
 Great ancient cities. Yet they do aver
 That once 'twas fairly steeped in hideousness.
 The homes of men were wrought with scorn of art,
 And all those fantasies of sculpture loved
 By us they deemed a vanity. I have seen
 Pictures of their grim dwellings in a book
 At our chief library, the pile that hoards
 Twelve millions volumes. Horrors past a doubt
 Were these dull squat abodes that huddled close
 One to another, row on dreary row,
 With scarce a hint of our fine frontages,
 Towers, gardens, galleries, terraces and courts.
 They must indeed have been a sluggard race,
 Those ancestors we spring from. It is hard
 To dream our beautiful Manattia rose
 From such uncouth beginnings.

First Manattian.

You forget

The city in their dim years, as records tell,
 Was but a tongue of island — that lean strip
 Of territory in which to-day we set
 Our palaces of ease for them that age
 Or bodily illness incapacitates.
 Then, too, these quaint barbarians were split up
 In factions of the so-named rich and poor.
 The rich held leagues of land; the poor were shorn
 Of right in any . . . I speak from vague report;

Perchance I am wrong . . . Manattia's ancient name
 Escapes me, even, and I would not re-learn
 Its coarse, tough sound. In those remoter times,
 Churches abounded, dedicate to creeds
 Of various title, yet the city itself
 Swarmed with thieves, murderers, people base of act,
 So that the church and prison, side by side
 Rose in the common street, foes hot with feud,
 Yet neither conquering . . . Strange it seems, all this,
 To us, who know the idiocy of sin,
 With neither church nor prison for its proof.

Second Manattian.

I, too, have heard of lawless days like these,
 Though some historians would contend, I think,
 That fable is at the root of all events;
 Writ of past our fourth chiliad — as, indeed,
 The story of how a man could rise in wealth,
 Above his fellows, by the state unchid,
 And from the amassment of possessions reap
 Honor, not odium, while on every side
 Multitudes hungered; or of how disease,
 If consciously transmitted to the child,
 By his begetter, was not crime; or how
 Woman to man was held inferior,
 Not ably an equal; how some lives were cursed
 With strain of toil from youth to age, while some
 Drownd in unpunished sloth, work being not then,
 The duty and pride of every soul, as now,
 Nor barriered firm, as now, against fatigue;
 With zeal sole-used for general thrift, and crowned
 By individual leisure's boons of calm.

First Manattian.

You draw from shadowy legend, yet we know
 That once our race was despicably sunk
 In darkness like to this crude savagery,
 Howe'er the piteous features of its lot
 Have rightly gleamed to us through mists of time.
 From grosser types we have risen, through grades of change,
 To what we are; this incontestably
 We clutch as truth; but I, for my own part,
 Find weightiest cause of wonder when I note
 That even as late as our five-thousandth year
 (Though fifty-millionth were it aptlier termed!)
 Asia, America, Europe, Africa,

Australia, all, were one wild battle of tongues,
Nor spoke, as every earthly land speaks now,
The same clear universal language. Think
What misery of confusion must have reigned!

Second Manattian.

Nay, you forget that then humanity
Was not the brotherhood it since has grown.
Ah, fools! it makes one loth to half-believe
They could have parcelled our fair world like this
Out into separate hates and called each hate
A nation, — with the wolf of war to prowl
Demon-eyed at the boundary-line of each.
Happy are we, by sweet vast union joined,
Not grouped in droves like beasts that gnash their fangs
At neighbor beasts, — we, while new epochs dawn,
Animal yet above all animalism,
Rising toward some serene discerned ideal
Of progress, ever rising, faltering not
By one least pause of retrogression! . . .

First Manattian.

Still,

We die . . . we die . . .

Second Manattian.

Invariably; but death
Brings not the anguish it of old would bring
To those that died before us. Rest and peace
Attend it, no reluctance, tremor or pain.
Long heed of laws fed vitally from health
Has made our ends as pangless as our births.
The imperial gifts of science have prevailed
So splendidly with our mortality
That death is but a natural search for sleep,
Involuntary and tranquil.

First Manattian.

True, but time

Has ever stained our heaven with its dark threat.
Not death but life contains the unwillingness
To pass from earth, and science in vain hath sought
An answer to the eternal questions — *Whence?*
Whither? and *For What Purpose?* All we gain
Still melts to loss; we build our hopes from dream,
Our joy upon illusion, our victory
Upon defeat . . . Hark how those long winds flute
There in the dusky foliage of the park!

Such voices, murmuring large below the night,
 Seem ever to my fancy as if they told
 The inscrutability of destiny,
 The blank futility of all search — perchance
 The irony of that nothingness which lies
 Beyond its hardest effort.

Second Manattian.

Hush! these words
 Are chaff that even the winds whereof you prate
 Should whirl as dry leaves to the oblivion
 Their levity doth tempt! Already in way
 That might seem miracle if less firm through fact,
 Hath science plucked from nature lore whose worth
 Madness alone dares doubt. As yet, I allow,
 With all her grandeur of accomplishment,
 She hath not pierced beyond matter . . . but who knows
 The hour apocalyptic when her eyes
 May flash with tidings from infinitude?

First Manattian.

Then, if she solve the enigma of the world
 And steep in sun all swathed in night till now,
 Pushing that knowledge from whose gradual gain
 Our thirst hath drunk so deeply, till she cleaves
 Finality with it, and at last lays bare
 The absolute,— then, brother, friend, I ask
 May she not tell us that we merely die,
 That immortality is a myth of sense,
 That God . . . ?

Second Manattian.

Your voice breaks . . . let me clasp your hand!
 Well, well, so be it, if so she tells! At least
 We live our lives out duteously till death,
 We on this one mean orb whose radiant mates
 Throb swarming in the heaven our glance may roam.
 Whatever message may be brought to us,
 Or to the generations following us,
 Let this one thought burn rich with self-content:
 We live our lives out duteously till death.

(A Silence.)

First Manattian.

'Tis a grand thought, but it is not enough!
 In spite of all our world hath been and done,
 Its glorious evolution from the low

Sheer to the lofty, I, individual, I,
 An entity and a personality
 Desire, long, yearn. . .

Second Manattian.

Nay, brother, *you* alone!
 Are there not millions like you?

First Manattian. (With self-reproach)

Pardon me!

(After another longer silence.)

What subtler music those winds whisper now! . . .
 'Tis even as if they had forsworn to breathe
 Despair, and dreamed, however dubiously,
 Of some faint hope! . . .

Second Manattian.

I had forgot. That news
 The astronomers predicted for to-night . . .
 They promised that the inhabitants of Mars
 At last would give intelligible sign
 To thousands who await it here on earth.

First Manattian.

I, too, had quite forgot; so many a time
 Failure hath cheated quest! Yet still, they say
 To-night at last brings triumph. This being true,
 History will blaze with it.

Second Manattian.

Let us go forth
 Into the great square. All the academies
 That line it now must tremble with suspense.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

1. GHOSTS.

BY RICHARD HODGSON, LL. D., SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

I PROPOSE in a series of articles to explain the chief lines of enquiry in which societies for psychical research are engaged. The method of enquiry is partly experimental and partly comparative; much of the labor of the investigation having been given to the collection and examination of evidence in cases which do not admit of direct experiment. In this way much material concerning psychical experiences has been obtained in the past few years, both in England and America, but opinions vary considerably as to the conclusions which should be founded on this material, and very difficult problems arise as to the exact explanations of the various narratives which have been presented to us.

I premise at the outset that I shall assume, for our present purpose, that there do exist supernormal* phenomena.

The most important of such phenomena were originally grouped by the English society, for convenience of reference and discussion, under the heads of thought-transference, apparitions and haunted houses, spiritualistic phenomena, and hypnotism or mesmerism, including clairvoyance. Common stories, however, as well as the popular interest, appear to be connected mainly with apparitions or ghosts, and it is about these very ghosts that the greatest confusion pre-

*Mr. Myers writes: "I have ventured to coin the word 'supernormal' to be applied to phenomena which are *beyond what usually happens—beyond*, that is, in the sense of suggesting unknown psychical laws. It is thus formed on the analogy of *abnormal*. When we speak of an abnormal phenomenon we do not mean one which *contravenes* natural laws, but one which exhibits them in an unusual or inexplicable form. Similarly by a supernormal phenomenon, I mean, not one which *over-rides* natural laws, for I believe no such phenomenon to exist, but one which exhibits the action of laws higher, in a psychical aspect, than are discerned in action in every-day life. By higher (either in a psychical or in a physiological sense), I mean apparently belonging to a more advanced stage of evolution." *Proceedings of the S. P. R.*, vol. iii., p. 30.

vails in the ordinary thought. I shall, therefore, begin by some accounts of ghosts, and show the difficulty of analyzing these mysterious phenomena in the present stage of our enquiry.

I need hardly remind my readers that an essential part of our investigation, where it concerns the accounts of spontaneous experiences, consists in eliminating errors due to the deficiencies of human observation and memory, deficiencies which are found even in the most honest and intelligent witnesses. My object here, however, is not to deal with this part of our subject, but to suggest the difficulty of finding the psychical laws to which the phenomena described must conform, supposing that our phenomena are truly supernatural. My own opinion is that the cases which we have received, taken together, involve the occurrence of phenomena which are inexplicable on any generally recognized hypothesis, though it is impossible here to enter fully into the evidence for this.

My intention now is rather to lead the ordinary intelligent reader who may be unfamiliar with the details of psychical research, along the tracks of the enquiry which suggest positive results, so that he may be able to appreciate, if not the more subtle psychological questions that are involved, at least the general drift of the investigation. And it seems to me that I shall best succeed in this by beginning with certain stories of the apparition class which are not easy either to explain or to explain away, and which will serve to show how complicated are the questions which demand a solution before we can arrive at assured theories on the subject.

I have thus a double reason for inviting my reader's attention in the first place to some "ghost stories." As we proceed we shall be led from the spontaneous to the experimental side of our investigation, and back once more to the spontaneous, each group of experiences throwing some light upon the other, until we shall, I venture to think, reach one conclusion with perfect confidence, *viz.*, that the living human being is a far wider and profounder thing than we can hope to survey in our most exalted moments, or to fathom in our deepest dreams, that there are hidden realms in every personality which we can yet explore but little, and possibilities of correlation between embodied human minds which may

indeed eventually prove to be fraught with vast significance as regards man's destiny when the organisms in which those minds are embodied have long passed into corruption.

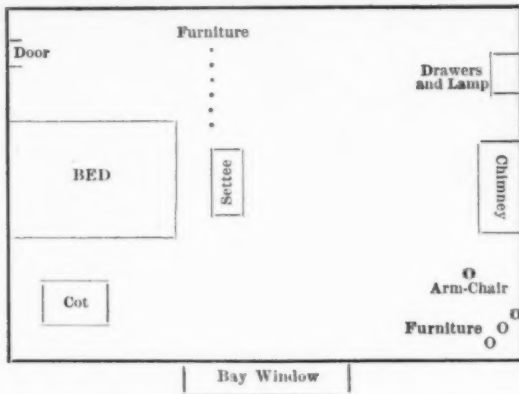
The first account which I shall quote is that of an incident which occurred to Mr. and Mrs. P. on Christmas Eve of 1869. The account was written for the English society in 1885 by Mrs. P.

In the year 1867 I was married, and my husband took a house at S——, quite a new one, just built, in what was, and still is probably, called "Cliff Town," as being at a greater elevation than the older part of the town. Our life was exceedingly bright and happy there until towards the end of 1869, when my husband's health appeared to be failing, and he grew dejected and moody. Trying in vain to ascertain the cause for this, and being repeatedly assured by him that I was "too fanciful," and that there was "nothing the matter with him," I ceased to vex him with questions, and the time passed quietly away till Christmas Eve of that year (1869.)

An uncle and aunt lived in the neighborhood, and they invited us to spend Christmas Day with them—to go quite early in the morning to breakfast, accompanied by the whole of our small household.

We arranged therefore to go to bed at an early hour on the night of the 24th, so as to be up betimes for our morning walk. Consequently, at 9 o'clock we went upstairs, having as usual carefully attended to bars and bolts of doors, and at about 9.30 were ready to extinguish the lamp; but our little girl—a baby of fifteen months—generally woke up at that time, and after drinking some warm milk would sleep again for the rest of the night; and as she had not yet awakened, I begged my husband to leave the lamp burning and get into bed, while I, wrapped in a dressing gown, lay on the outside of the bed with the cot on my right hand. The bedstead faced the fireplace, and nothing stood between but a settee at the foot of the bed. On either side of the chimney was a large recess—the one to the left (as we faced in that direction) having a chest of drawers, on which the lamp was standing. The entrance door was on the same side of the room as the head of the bed, and *to the left of it*—facing therefore the recess of which I speak. The door was locked; and on that same side (to my left) my husband was lying, with the curtain drawn, towards which his face was turned.

Roughly, the position was thus : —



As the bed had curtains only at the head, all before us was open and dimly-lighted, the lamp being turned down.

This takes some time to describe, but it was still just about 9.30, Gertrude not yet awake, and I just pulling myself into a half-sitting posture against the pillows, thinking of nothing but the arrangements for the following day, when to my great astonishment I saw a gentleman standing at the foot of the bed, dressed as a naval officer, and with a cap on his head having a projecting peak. The light being in the position which I have indicated, the face was in shadow to *me*, and the more so that the visitor was leaning upon his arms which rested on the foot-rail of the bedstead. I was too astonished to be afraid, but simply wondered who it could be; and, instantly touching my husband's shoulder (whose face was turned from me) I said: "Willie, who is this?" My husband turned, and for a second or two lay looking in intense astonishment at the intruder; then lifting himself a little, he shouted: "What on earth are you doing here, sir?" Meanwhile the form, slowly drawing himself into an upright position, now said in a commanding, yet reproachful voice: "Willie! Willie!"

I looked at my husband and saw that his face was white and agitated. As I turned towards him he sprang out of bed as though to attack the man, but stood by the bedside as if afraid, or in great perplexity, while the figure calmly and slowly moved *towards the wall* at right angles with the lamp in the direction of the dotted line. As it passed the lamp, a deep shadow fell upon the room as of a material person shutting out the light from us by his intervening body, and he disappeared, as it were, into the wall. My husband now, in a very agitated manner, caught up the lamp,

and turning to me said: "I mean to look all over the house, and see where he has gone."

I was by this time exceedingly agitated too, but remembering that the door was locked, and that the mysterious visitor had not gone towards it at all, remarked: "He has not gone out by the door." But without pausing, my husband *unlocked the door*, hastened out of the room, and was soon searching the whole house. Sitting there in the dark, I thought to myself, "We have surely seen an apparition! Whatever can it indicate — perhaps my brother Arthur (he was in the navy, and at that time on a voyage to India) is in trouble; such things have been told of as occurring." In some such way I pondered with an anxious heart, holding the child, who just then awakened, in my arms, until my husband came back looking very white and miserable.

Sitting upon the bedside, he put his arm about me and said: "Do you know what we have seen?" And I said: "Yes, it was a spirit. I am afraid it was Arthur, but could not see his face," and he exclaimed: "O no, it was my father!"

Now you will say this is the strangest part of the story, and unprecedented. And what could have been the reason of such an appearance?

My husband's father *had been dead fourteen years*: he had been a naval officer in his young life; but, through ill health, had left the service before my husband was born, and the latter had only once or twice seen him in uniform. I had never seen him at all. My husband and I related the occurrence to my uncle and aunt, and we all noticed that my husband's agitation and anxiety were very great, whereas his usual manner was calm and reserved in the extreme, and he was a thorough and avowed sceptic in all — so-called — supernatural events.

As the weeks passed on my husband became very ill, and then gradually disclosed to me that he had been in great financial difficulties; and that, at the time his father was thus sent to us, he was inclining to take the advice of a man who would certainly — had my husband yielded to him (as he had intended before hearing the warning voice) — have led him to ruin, perhaps worse. It is this fact which makes us most reticent in speaking of the event; in addition to which my husband had already been led to speculate upon certain chances which resulted in failure, and infinite sorrow to us both as well as to others, and was indeed the cause of our coming to —, after a year of much trouble, in the January of 1871.

Mr. P. confirmed the details of the above account, and Dr. and Mrs. C., friends of Mr. and Mrs. P., added: "This narrative was told us by Mrs. P. as here recorded some years ago."

Now if we suppose the above account to be even only moderately accurate, what explanation can be suggested? Mrs. P.'s own opinion is that "no condition of 'overwrought nerves' or 'superstitious fears' could have been the cause of the manifestation, but only, so far as we have been able to judge by subsequent events, a direct warning to my husband in the voice and appearance of the one that he had most revered in all his life, and was the most likely to obey."

The narrative cannot be dismissed as a mere "yarn." I need hardly say that I shall quote no accounts which we have not satisfactory reasons for believing to have come from persons of integrity. We must of course leave an ample margin for inaccuracy of description of the real occurrence, etc., but my object, as already stated, is not now to minimise the testimony by descanting upon the deficiencies of human memory and observation. I shall suppose that we have enough fairly well evidenced accounts of analogous phenomena to render it tolerably certain that in the case before us Mr. and Mrs. P. believed themselves to have been looking at an objective figure of some kind which resembled Mr. P.'s father, and which was not that of an ordinary human being. It is the theoretical difficulties which arise after testimony has been accepted, to which I purpose here to call attention. Granted then, for this purpose, that the account is substantially reliable, what did the figure consist of? Say it was the ghost of Mr. P.'s father. How does that help us? Did the ghost consist of ordinary matter? How then did it form, and how did it disappear? Was it composed of some such stuff as the luminiferous ether? How then was it visible, and how could it cast a shadow? Are there ghosts of clothes as well as of human organisms? Where did the ghost of the uniform come from? *Would you and I, had we been in the room, have seen and heard the ghost as well as Mr. and Mrs. P.?* Or was the figure no real external "ghost," but a hallucination generated in the mind of Mr. P., and transferred *telepathically** to the mind of his wife, or the converse? Let us see if our next story taken from Vol. v. of the Proceedings of the English S. P. R., will throw light on any of these questions.

* "Telepathy, or the ability of one mind to impress or to be impressed by another mind otherwise than through the recognized channels of sense."

—From Mr. D. M. Tyre, 157 St. Andrew's-road, Pollok-shields, Glasgow.

October 9, 1885.

In the summer of 1874, my sister and I went during our holidays to stay with a gardener and his wife, in a house which was built far up, fully three-quarters of a mile, on the face of a hill overlooking one of the most beautiful lochs in Dumbartonshire, just on the boundary of the Highlands. A charming spot indeed, although far off the main roadway. We never wearied, and so delighted were we with the place that my people took a lease of the house for the following three years. From this point my narrative begins. Being connected in business with the city, we could not go down to Glen M. altogether, so that my two sisters and myself were sent away early in May to have the house put in order, and attend to the garden, etc., etc., for the coming holidays, when we would be all down together. We had lots of work to do, and as the nearest village was five miles distant, and our nearest neighbors, the people at the shore, nearly a mile away, we were pretty quiet on the hill and left to our own resources.

One day, my elder sister J. required to go to the village for something or other, leaving us alone; and as the afternoon came on, I went part of the way to meet her, leaving my other sister L. all alone. When we returned, about 6 p. m., we found L. down the hill to meet us in a rather excited state, saying that an old woman had taken up her quarters in the kitchen, and was lying in the bed. We asked if she knew who she was. She said no, that the old wife was lying on the bed with her clothes on, and that possibly she was a tinker body (a gipsy), therefore she was afraid to go in without us. We went up to the house with L.; my younger sister L. going in first said, on going into the kitchen, "There she is," pointing to the bed, and turning to us expecting that we would wake her up and ask her what she was there for. I looked in the bed and so did my elder sister, but the clothes were flat and unruffled, and when we said that there was nothing there she was quite surprised, and pointing with her finger, said: "Look! why, there's the old wife with her clothes on and lying with her head towards the window"; but we could not see anything. Then for the first time it seemed to dawn upon her that she was seeing something that was not natural to us all, and she became very much afraid, and we took her to the other room and tried to soothe her, for she was trembling all over. Ghost! why, the thought never entered our minds for a second; but we started chopping wood and making a fire for the evening meal. The very idea of anyone being in the bed was ridiculous, so we attributed it to imagination, and life at the house went on as usual for about two days, when one afternoon, as we were sitting in the

kitchen round the fire, it being a cold, wet day outside, L. startled us by exclaiming: "There is the old woman again, and lying the same way." L. did not seem to be so much afraid this time, so we asked her to describe the figure; and with her eyes fixed on the bed and with motion of the finger, she went on to tell us how that the old wife was not lying under the blankets, but on top, with her clothes and boots on, and her legs drawn up as though she were cold; her face was turned to the wall, and she had on what is known in the Highlands as a "sow-backed mutch," that is, a white cap which only old women wear; it has a frill round the front, and sticks out at the back, thus.* She also wore a drab-colored petticoat, and a checked shawl round her shoulders drawn tight. Such was the description given; she could not see her face, but her right hand was hugging her left arm, and she saw that the hand was yellow and thin, and wrinkled like the hands of old people who have done a lot of hard work in their day.

We sat looking at the bed for a long time, with an occasional bit of information from L., who was the only one who saw the figure.

This happened often—very often, indeed so frequently that we got used to it, and used to talk about it among ourselves as "L.'s old woman."

Midsummer came, and the rest of our people from the city, and then for the first time we became intimate with our neighbors, and two or three families at the shore. On one occasion my elder sister brought up the subject before a Mrs. M.P., our nearest neighbor, and when she described the figure to her, Mrs. M.P. well-nigh swooned away, and said that it really was the case; the description was the same as the first wife of the man who lived in the house before us, and that he cruelly ill-used his wife, to the extent that the last beating she never recovered from. The story Mrs. M.P. told runs somewhat like this, of which I can only give you the gist:—

Malcolm, the man of the house, and his wife Kate (the old woman), lived a cat and dog life; she was hard-working, and he got tipsy whenever he could. They went one day to market with some fowls and pigs, etc., and on their way back he purchased a half-gallon of whiskey. He carried it part of the way, and when he got tired gave it to her, while he took frequent rests by the wayside; she managed to get home before him, and when he came home late he accused her of drinking the contents of the jar. He gave her such a beating that he was afraid, and went down to this Mrs. M.P., saying that his wife was very ill. When Mrs. M.P. went up to the house she found Kate, as my sister described, with her clothes on, and lying with her face to the wall for the pur-

*A sketch of the profile was here given.

pose, as Mrs. M.P. said, of concealing her face, which was very badly colored by the ill-treatment of her husband. The finish up was her death, she having never recovered.

The foregoing is as nearly a complete compendium of the facts as I, with the help of my sister J., can remember.

My sister L. is now dead, but we often go back to the house, when we are anyway near the locality, because it is a bright spot in our memory.

(signed)

D. M. TYRE.

Now was the ghost of the old woman the same kind of ghost as that seen by Mr. and Mrs. P.? It would seem clear that if there was actually the substantial shape of an old woman on the bed when Miss L. T. saw one there, it could not have been composed of ordinary matter, or else her brother and sister would have seen it also. And hence Miss L. T. did not perceive the figure, whatever it may have been, by normal sense of vision. Apparently Miss L. T. either exercised, at least transiently, some faculty of supernormal perception which enabled her to perceive something actually on the bed, but not perceptible to the ordinary sense-organs of human beings,—or the figure which she saw was a hallucination, not morbid, however, but *veridical*, *i. e.*, truth-telling, or corresponding to some action going on elsewhere. This second alternative I shall explain at greater length hereafter; for the present it will suffice to make the following suggestion.

Mrs. M.P. doubtless not infrequently formed a vivid mental picture of the old woman lying on her bed as she had seen her when summoned by her husband after he had given her the beating which resulted in her death. This mental picture may have been transferred telepathically to the mind of Miss L. T. and may have produced a hallucination. In other words, this hypothesis involves that Miss L. T. was specially sensitive to impressions by thought-transference, and that the externalized phantasm which she saw, was the effect of an impression transmitted directly from one living person to another.

The next story I quote, not because it is well evidenced, since the testimony at present depends on the memory of only one person, but because some of the important circumstances are curiously like those in the preceding instance. The apparition was seen by one person only, whereas if it

had consisted of ordinary matter it would have been visible to others present:—it would moreover seem to have been of no use to anyone, exhibiting no indications of any life whatever, much less of any larger and diviner life which so many deem the departed ought to show if they can reappear at all in our common world, and suggesting rather such images as the skeleton of a disintegrating leaf, the withered and evanescent remnant of a once living organism, or a picture of the dead painted on the air. We obtained the case at the close of 1888 through the kindness of Dr. S. T. Armstrong, from a lady who is unwilling that her name should be used.

One night in March '73 or '74, I can't recollect which year, I was attending on the sick bed of my mother. About eight o'clock in the evening I went into the dining-room to fix a cup of tea, and on turning from the sideboard to the table, on the other side of the table before the fire which was burning brightly, as was also the gas, I saw standing with his hands clasped to his side in true military fashion a soldier of about thirty years of age, with dark, piercing eyes looking directly into mine. He wore a small cap with standing feather, his costume was also of a soldierly style. He did not strike me as being a spirit, ghost, or anything uncanny, only a living man; but after gazing for fully a minute I realized that it was nothing of earth, for he neither moved his eyes nor his body, and in looking closely I could see the fire beyond. I was of course startled, and yet did not run out of the room. I felt stunned. I walked out rapidly however, and turning to the servant in the hall asked her if she saw anything; she said not. I went into my mother's room and remained talking for about an hour, but never mentioned the above subject for fear of exciting her, and finally forgot it altogether. Returning to the dining-room, still in forgetfulness of what had occurred, but repeating as above the turning from sideboard to table in act of preparing more tea, I looked casually towards the fire and there I saw the soldier again; this time I was entirely alarmed, and fled from the room in haste; called to my father, but when he came, he saw nothing. I am of a nervous temperament, but was not specially so that night, was not reading anything exciting, had never heard any story about this incident at all before. Four years after however, my brother attended a boys' school next door to this house and an old gentleman told stories of the old houses in the neighborhood during the war; and one was about a soldier who was murdered and thrown in the cellar. My brother told it, as a story connected with our old home, not as relating to my experience;

for he being very young then, I don't think it was communicated to him. The family, however, were all impressed by the coincidence. This is as near the exact state of facts as 'tis possible to write after the lapse of so many years.

In reply to inquiries we learn that the figure of the soldier occupied precisely the same position on both occasions of its appearance, that it was visible from different points of the room, and that the lady continued to see the figure at the time that her father was unable to see anything.

Be it observed that I am not putting forward the telepathic hypothesis as *the* explanation of the foregoing narratives, but as one of the hypotheses that suggest themselves. Some of my readers may regard such an explanation as very far-fetched. That it is not so, will appear from the following incident, which occurred in this country towards the end of 1885.

Dr. G., a cultured lady, an M. D., — some of whose experiences as percipient have been recorded in the proceedings of the American S. P. R., — drew my attention some time ago to an account which she had given, in *The Herald of Health*, of an experience where she herself was the agent, and a friend of hers whom I shall call Mrs. C., the percipient. According to the account, which I abridge, Dr. G. arranged, early in October of 1885, to try voluntarily to appear or cause a vision of herself to appear to Mrs. C. at a distance. Soon afterwards Dr. G. went to a city 500 miles from where Mrs. C. was living, and at intervals endeavored (vainly) to go to her friend mentally; but no written communication took place between them, nor had any hour been fixed for the experiment.

. . . One night I went to bed in a high fever consequent upon a sudden but slight indisposition. My mind was idly but nervously occupied by a great number of topics. Among other things I thought of a certain reception which I had to attend in a few days, of having no dress suitable for the occasion, but of one which I had at home and wished for. And then I wandered, by association of ideas, to think of a certain evening company which I had attended with the friend with whom I wished to try my experiment in telepathy. I thought of this idly, without volition, but as in fever the mind seems to cling to idle thoughts with great persistence, so these thoughts kept repeating themselves. I became weary of their persistence, yet could not escape them.

I finally began to wonder why I could not appear to my friend, but did not try — only kept thinking of it.

Suddenly my body became slightly numb, my head felt light, my breathing became slow and loud, as when one goes to sleep. I had often been in a similar state. When I came out of it I lit the candle and looked at my watch. The next day I thought of the experience of the night as meaningless, and was ashamed of having considered a change of breathing as anything more than a premonition of going to sleep.

A few days after this experience I received a letter from my friend, forwarded from where she supposed I was, in which she stated that I had appeared to her on a certain evening, giving the time; that I wore a dress she had never seen before, but which she perfectly described; that I stood with my back to her and remained but a moment or two.

As I had not written to her of my efforts to appear to her, and as the opportunities of two months for guess-work or deception had elapsed, I felt that my proof was as positive as I could desire. Not proof, however, of the outgoing of an astral body. Had I appeared to my friend as I was at the moment, in bed in my nightdress, the case would have simply paralleled many of which we have read; but my appearance in a dress that was two hundred miles away, and which had never been seen by the percipient, forms proof of the best theory that has yet been propounded by students of telepathy. . . .

I have received a corroborative account from the lady who had this vision, and her original letter has also been kindly forwarded to me for my inspection. It reads thus: —

NEW YORK, NOV. 21, 1885.

DEAR —

Did you come to me last evening, Friday, Nov. 20? Somebody did, near 10 o'clock. She wore a blue velvet dress, handsomely draped, with white cuffs at the wrist. But I only saw the figure. The face was not revealed to me. I had gone to bed, and put out the light. It was with the interior sight I saw. It was gone in an instant.

Yours, _____

Putting aside for the present the theory of mere chance coincidence, not many would be disposed to think that Dr. G. actually travelled as a ghost (in the sense of some tenuous material thing) and arrayed her ghostly organism in the ghostly garments of her distant reception dress. They would rather incline, in this case at all events, to the theory of telepathy,—the ability of one mind to impress or to be

impressed by another mind otherwise than through the recognized channels of sense.

But let me quote another case, which may seem at first sight to be of the same variety as the foregoing, but which is more closely *reciprocal*, *i. e.*, a case where there appears to have been a mutual influence of the two persons concerned upon each other.

October 28, 1888.

About fifteen years ago I was living, and my daughter Allie with me, in Newburgh, N. Y., and Charley (engaged to Allie) had gone to Chicago. He had been away several months when one night a young girl in my employ named Nettie Knapp came running into my bedroom, saying: "Oh, Mrs. Crans, come in here quick, something awful's the matter with Allie." I went to my daughter's room. She was lying in the bed, very cold and apparently lifeless. I rubbed her with camphor and tried to arouse her, and after a short time succeeded in doing so. She then said: "I've been to Chicago and seen that little devil." She said she saw him in bed with another man.

In about two days I received a letter from Charley asking me whether there was anything the matter with Allie, as he had seen her standing at the foot of his bed the night before. He wrote his on the day following the night of my daughter's experience.

(signed)

MRS. N. J. CRANS.

I confirm all of the above statements that relate to me.

(signed)

C. A. KERNOCHAN.

Miss Crans afterwards became Mrs. Kernochan, and died in 1879, so that her account could not be obtained.

This case, my readers will doubtless urge, introduces a difficulty in the way of the telepathic hypothesis. Possibly it does. The task which I have set myself in this article is precisely to suggest some of the chief difficulties that rise to confront our explanations. The late Mr. Edmund Gurney would probably have classed this case as an illustration of what he called "telepathic clairvoyance." He would have supposed a supernormal extension of the susceptibility of Miss C., accompanied by the power of acting telepathically upon Mr. K.

The next two cases which I shall quote we have received from a lady, Mrs. N. G., who has had various psychical experiences. She writes, in a letter of Dec. 25, 1887:—

I will now relate an incident which happened when I was a young girl.

I sat looking out of the window, and I saw a lady coming up the street toward the house. I made the remark to my mother, "There comes Mrs. Charlie Davis, and I think she is coming here." Then my mother came to the window and said: "Where is she? I don't see her or anyone." Of course I was surprised and insisted upon it, saying she had on a bonnet trimmed with red, then turned to look at my mother to see what she meant by saying so. I looked back again out of the window, and to be sure I could not see anyone. But I was so sure that I went out of doors and looked, but could discover no one. This was just a short time before dinner. I kept constantly expecting her to come, and shortly after dinner the door-bell rang and upon going to the door, who should be there but Mrs. Davis. As soon as seated almost I asked her if she had not been up this way before. She replied in the negative. I insisted, telling her that she had on the same bonnet that she was now wearing. (This was on Monday.) Her reply was that she got the bonnet new Saturday and that it had been so very stormy on Sunday that she did not go out of the house, and while doing her washing this forenoon, a lady came in just before dinner and wanted her to come up and ask if I would take part in an entertainment to be given at the church, and at that time had considerable conversation in regard to my personal appearance, in connection with this character that she was to ask me to represent, etc.

Mrs. G. T. G., mother of Mrs. N. G., confirms as follows:—

I remember the circumstance of my daughter seeing the lady coming up the street. She said: "There comes Mrs. Davis," and as I did not see the lady we let it pass, thinking she did not see her or anyone else. Shortly after dinner of the same day, Mrs. D. came to our house. My daughter asked her if she had not been up this way in the forenoon. Her reply: "No; I have not been out of the house before to-day for I have been very busy, but was thinking very strongly of you in the forenoon, as we are going to have tableaux at our entertainment at the church and want you for 'Rebecca at the well.' I thought I would come up to see you after dinner and so here I am."

My daughter reiterated, "But you must have been up this way to-day," to which Mrs. D. insisted she had not.

I will further state that she had on the same apparel that my daughter described when she thought she saw her in the forenoon.

The other experience was recent, and the account of it was sent to me on the day immediately following. Mrs. G. writes, on May 18, 1888:—

. . . For nearly two weeks I have had a lady friend visiting us from Chicago and last Sunday we tried the cards and in every instance I told the color and kind; but only two or three times was enabled to give the exact number. . . .

I must write you of something that occurred last night; after this lady, whom I have mentioned above, had retired and almost immediately after we had extinguished the light, there suddenly appeared before me a beautiful lawn and coming toward me a chubby, yellow-haired little boy, and by his side a brown dog which closely resembled a fox. The dog had on a brass collar and the child's hand was under the collar just as if he was leading or pulling the dog. The vision was like a flash, came and went in an instant. I immediately told my friend and she said: "Do you know where there are any matches?" and began to hurriedly clamber out of bed. I struck a light, she plunged into her trunk, brought out a book, and pasted in the front was a picture of her little boy and his dog. They were not in the same position that I saw them but the dog looked exceedingly familiar. Her little boy passed into the beyond about four years ago. . . .

Mrs. I. F. corroborates as follows: —

May 18, 1888.

I wish to corroborate the statements of Mrs. N. G. relative to . . . and her wonderful vision of my little boy, and my old home. Mrs. G. never saw the place, the little child, and never even heard of the peculiar-looking dog, which was my little son's constant companion out of doors. She never saw the photograph which was pasted in the back of my Bible and packed away.

(signed)

I. F.

Mrs. G.'s experience in this last case reminds us of the description given by Mrs. C. in the case cited above, of the vision to her of Dr. G. in the blue velvet dress. The visions appear to be as it were half-way between a simple mental picture and a complete externalization. And in each case the vision of the percipient was not improbably a reproduction of the picture in the mind of the agent.

Even from the few specimen experiences before us we may infer that there are ghosts and ghosts, and that before we either tremble or scoff at the thought of a disembodied spirit, it behooves us to seek further into the rarer qualities of the human individual while yet embodied, to explain the ghosts of the living of whom we know much, before we attempt to explain the ghosts of the dead, of whom we know so little.

But we have not yet exhausted our types of ghosts. Those

that we have considered so far, apart from any special signification which we may give to the term ghosts, have fallen unquestionably into one of two classes — ghosts of the dead, and ghosts of the living. What now shall we say of *death-wraiths*, the commonest type of all, the figures that are seen by friends at a distance at the time of the death of the persons whose apparitions are seen? Are these ghosts of the dead or ghosts of the living? Further, how are we to class the figures seen at different times by different persons, and the various noises, etc., alleged to occur, in houses reputed to be "haunted"? These points I must leave for consideration in my next article.

INDUSTRIAL PARTNERSHIP.

BY NICHOLAS P. GILMAN.

THE system of recompensing labor which is known in France, where it has its greatest vogue, as participation in profits (*participation aux bénéfices*) commonly receives the name in England of Industrial Partnership. Treating this system of late in full detail,* I preferred to use, as a rule, a phrase identical in meaning with the French term. "Profit sharing" should be defined by the addition of the words "between employer and employee." Mr. Sedley Taylor obscured a proper distinction when he qualified the division as one "between labor and capital." It is not the capitalist but the employer, as such, who contracts with the employee; even when the two functions are united, as they often are in the same person, they should be kept logically distinct.

Profit sharing, thus defined, is a step forward, both natural and necessary, "in the evolution of the wages system." But two or three of the most forcible, as they are also the most recurrent, objections to this development derive their apparent strength from a very obvious criticism on the name of it. Profit and loss are the Siamese twins of business. If one is mentioned the other immediately presents itself to the mind. Hence the one commonest of objections to any scheme of profit sharing is that it does not mention the sharing of losses by the employee. Because loss is not associated with "profit" in the name of the method, it does not by any means follow, however, that no provision has been made in fact to remedy the inequity which it requires no keenness of mind to detect on the surface. If we consider the matter a little more closely, we shall see that the standard systems of profit sharing now in effect come off victorious from the encounter with an objection the whole force of which lies in its immediate plausibility.

* Profit Sharing between Employer and Employee. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

One point only need be remembered to change the vigor of the criticism in question into weakness. No party to an industrial undertaking can rightly be expected to lose what he did not put in. The capitalist who loans money to establish a manufactory may, in the course of trade, lose not only interest — the usual return for his investment — but a part of the funds themselves also, which he has put in. The manager, who has hired this money, may fail of that recompense to which his business talent and his labor of mind seem to entitle him, in salary and profits. What he puts into the undertaking is skill as a manager, be it great or small. As long as the business is decently prosperous, he draws or allows himself a salary in proportion to the demands of the place. If it flourishes he takes a large share of the profits, if not all. But if it is unsuccessful, he can only redouble, if possible, his pains and skill. The capitalist does not require him in a bad year, or a series of bad years, to pay back a part of the large salary which he received in the preceding prosperous time. The manager fails first to obtain a profit above his salary and the interest due. If the misfortune continues and the payment of interest becomes uncertain, he will next curtail his salary (the workmen are not now under consideration) which stands as the just recompense of his output of mental power. He does not diminish that output, as compared with more successful years; he is more likely to increase it. But he *loses* in bad years the difference between his normal salary and that which he actually receives; he does not pay out of this reduced salary a portion towards making good the loss of interest to the capitalist. He puts in brains; he loses a part of the usual recompense of brains in business.

Now we come to the employee. He contributes hand-labor, qualified by a varying amount of intelligence, to the joint undertaking, to which the capitalist has given money and the employer industrial and commercial skill. For this hand-labor he receives, under the common wages-system, a fixed return by the day or week. He can expect nothing beyond this in the shape of a share, however small, in the net profits after all expenses for interest, salaries, wages, reserve, depreciation, and repairs have been met. Let us suppose that his employer admits him to a share in the profits, determined in all its aspects by the employer, and

moderate in size especially because based on a calculation of the probabilities of a series of years. Under the stimulus of this additional return the workman is expected to increase the efficiency of his labor, as regards quantity and quality of product, economy, carefulness, and good order. He does so, and thus makes an extra contribution to the business, as compared with the common workman. At the end of the year, if it is prosperous he receives a bonus. This is not a sheer gift from the employer; it is a fair return, warranted by the nature of the industrial contract and by the state of trade, for his increased contribution to the joint undertaking.

But if the year has brought no profit to the concern, and no loss, the employee who has put forth this extra effort receives no return for it in the shape of a bonus. He obtains his wages as the manager takes his salary, both sums being the return which it is desirable, for many reasons, shall suffer from no retroactive demands.

In bad years the manager loses a reward for his mental service going beyond the fixed salary supposed to correspond to the average state of prosperity in the business. So, likewise, the employee fails of a return for the extra-ordinary manual service he has rendered, the amount of effort by which he has surpassed the usual achievement of workers in his industry. If times continue bad, salaries and wages both fall, as they must. But the manager will not be assessed on his past year's salary to pay interest to the capitalist. No more should the workman be called upon to pay back anything out of his wages to make good the salary of the manager, or the interest of the capitalist. The workmen contribute one kind of effort, the manager another, and the capitalist the stored-up-effort in money. It is thus clear that in a profit-sharing establishment the workman shares losses in bad years, even if his wages are not reduced.

Furthermore, no wise firm, whether giving its employees a share in realized profits or not, neglects to lay up a reserve fund out of the profits of good years to meet the probable losses of bad times. An annual payment to such a reserve fund precedes any dividend, in excess of interest, salary, and wages, until the reserve has reached a perfectly safe size. To its formation, the employee in a profit-sharing firm contributes as well as the manager, for if there were no such reserve the

bonus to the employee and the profit to the employer would be larger. The workman thus adds in prosperous times to a fund expressly intended to meet the losses of adverse years; in these latter years he suffers a loss of the bonus which measures roughly his unusual exertion as compared with that of the simple wage-earner.

It will be further asserted, however, and very properly, that the capitalist is exposed to the risk of losing his capital in whole or in part, as well as his interest, owing to the incapacity or the misfortunes of the employer. The employer, too, who has prospered a number of years and laid up a fortune, small or great, may come to times when he must break in upon this accumulation in order to pay the interest to the capitalist which he has not realized from his business. If then the workman is not called upon to pay back any share of his wages, which he has saved up, is there not an obvious inequity, despite all that has thus far been urged in his defence? The answer is plain. There would be an injustice if the workmen received as much of the profit as the employer or the capitalist. But, in fact, no profit-sharing establishment places the three parties on an equality. A portion of the profits, ranging from five or ten per cent. up to twenty or twenty-five, goes to the employees. This division is justified by the fact that they are free from the much greater risks which the manager and the capitalist incur. An equal division could only be defended did the workmen incur similar risks. But the actual inequality of the shares of profit corresponds well to the inequality of the risks among the three parties.

We have thus taken the bull squarely by the horns. We have used the term "Profit Sharing," which offers so easy an opening for the objection that no provision is made for the sharing of losses. Such provision *is* made in reserve funds; losses *are* shared in profit-sharing firms, as we see if we bear in mind the whole output of effort. Those who dwell on this objection as finally disposing of the whole matter practise a curiously cheap-and-easy style of argument. They make a remarkable reflection upon the mental abilities of the two hundred firms now practising the system in question if they suppose it has never occurred to these firms. The fact that so many establishments have adopted profit sharing, when the objection must have presented itself at the

outset to them, would seem to intimate its fallacious character.

Putting aside however, all the preceding argument, in which the term Profit Sharing has occurred only too frequently, let us approach the fact for which the term stands from another side. Man has no greater helper than words, and he often has no worse enemy. When they present themselves to him as fully equal to expressing reality, they lead him astray. Our friends, the Prohibitionists, for instance, declaim earnestly against the "license" of the liquor traffic by government as if it were making money out of acknowledged crime. But the private citizen has neither license nor liberty to sell liquor as freely as he pleases. The people regard it as a dangerous traffic, and "control" or "regulate" it as strictly as they think the existing state of moral civilization will allow. The legal document called a liquor license is largely a restriction on the holder; it is altogether a restriction on all but the small body of liquor sellers. The rest of the community is absolutely inhibited from engaging in the business.

In the industrial world there is a somewhat similar confusion about the matter we are discussing. "Profit sharing" is but one feature of a certain system of associating employer and employee. "Industrial partnership" is a term which includes this feature and numerous others. It is the more comprehensive term, and it is also the more characteristic. The advocates of profit sharing do not need to seek the advantage of a name less open to obvious retort, but it is said to be a test of a good thought that it will bear a change of clothing. If both the advocates and the opponents of profit sharing, then, will look carefully at the entirely synonymous name "Industrial Partnership," and consider all its implications, new light may result and the principle be more fully appreciated as good, because of its novel dress—novel, that is to say in this country, where the English term for profit sharing is not familiar.

The central difficulty in the existing labor situation is the loss of the feeling of association in a common cause which characterized the relation of master and man in the simple and limited industries of former times. The farmer working his own land with his sons to help him is an instance of perhaps the closest kind of interested co-operation. When his farm requires the work also of two or three "hired men,"

he continues in the field, superintending and working side by side with them. The shoemaker in the little shops which used to be so common in Massachusetts sat on the bench in the same room with his small company of workmen. In these two industries, not to go further for instances, the association of employer and employee was close and familiar. Labor troubles were very slight in such an atmosphere. But in these days of great shoe factories using the most elaborate machinery and employing hundreds of men the productive industry and the commercial handling of the product are sharply separated. The factory and the counting-room know each other, at most, only by sight. The space which separates a shoe factory in Milford from the selling office in Boston is but a slight index of the personal separation between the actual shoemaker and the partners in the firm. The field is thus open for every kind of misunderstanding, suspicion, and dislike. The record of recent industry shows how well this opportunity is improved. The usual attitude of the two parties in too many instances is ill-concealed hostility.

The primitive feeling of partnership has vanished in the stupendous development of modern industrial civilization. Master and man talk of each other as if they were two distinct species, with the fewest possible points of sympathy or contact between them. It is this profound alienation between those who hire labor on a large scale and their employees that strikes the rest of the world as the most lamentable feature of modern industrial warfare. The employer is too wont to treat his men as so many machines, or, at the best, as creatures largely irrational. The workman regards the owner of the vast establishment where he toils as a selfish tyrant, chiefly bent on reducing wages to the lowest possible point. The masters combine against the men and the men combine against the masters. Workingmen dream of the happy day when all industry shall be purely co-operative and the employing class be abolished. The capitalist dreams, perchance, of the time when improved machinery shall have reduced the need of hand-labor to its minimum. Meanwhile, the right and natural combination of the employer and his men in each industrial establishment is left out of sight.

It is not possible, of course, to call back the simple arrangements of primitive industry. Mediæval guilds have perished, too, with the ages that brought them forth. The

scale of modern industry no longer permits the employer to know his men personally. The fundamental question, however, is not to be put by: Is not the old spirit of association capable of revival in some new form? Mankind has gone on swiftly in these later times, in a marvellous development of manufacture and commerce. Carried along by its tremendous material sweep, we have had little time or thought to spend upon that most important matter, the adjustment of the new material conditions according to the laws of morality and humanity. The morally "unreasoning progress of the world" has brought us to the days of lock-outs, black-lists, strikes, and boycotts, in one word, to industrial war. Our foremost need now is to pause and reflect on the means of reconciliation of the hostile classes. We may be very sure that the problem is largely a moral one, and at the same time that the solution must be grounded on a readjustment of the material interests involved. Fine words butter no parsnips, and to little purpose do employers repeat that the interests of labor and capital are one. *Which* one, we may well ask, as in the case of a matrimonial contract. The answer that the common capitalist practically makes is evident. The employing class have yet to convince the world at large of the sincerity of this profession of the identity of interests of capital and labor.

Standing in no attitude of hostility to employers, and rejecting totally the notion that they are to be superseded, I am firmly of the opinion that they should now take some forward step in the reasoning, conscious evolution of the wages system. Such a move is in the direct line of their own interest. For, as M. Charles Secretan has lately said: "Whether we regret it or rejoice over it, the fact remains that society cannot be fossilized, and the alternative is not, as some would fain believe, between the enfranchisement of the masses or the perpetuity of their serfdom and vassalage, but between enfranchisement and the universal bondage with which a state socialism threatens us." He continues: "Socialism knows perfectly well that co-operation is its deadliest foe, while the dissatisfied are its abettors. Two ways, and only two, lie open before us — to revolt against the reign of liberty by coercion and violence, or to support it by reforms freely effected. We advocate the latter course. We advise masters to give their employees a share in their profits. We recom-

mend to the wage-earning class co-operative stores, with a view to collective saving and to the combination of producers."

The best kind of socialism is the kind which employers have it fully in their power to inaugurate and develop — partnership with their workmen. This evidently should not be a *commercial* partnership. The workmen have not the capital to contribute. As a body, in any given establishment, they have not the acquaintance with the conditions of trade which would make their advice of value. Of commercial skill they are naturally destitute, and their interference with the books or the plans of the partners who combine their capital and their skill in the firm would be ruinous. The confusion by workmen of the two kinds of partnership, industrial and commercial, is the cause of the failure of most co-operative productive establishments. The same confusion, by business men, is the source of the chief objection to profit sharing — that it does not carry along with it loss sharing out of wages paid. When the distinction is clearly made and firmly held, co-operative workmen will leave the commercial conduct of their factory to a manager, with large powers and a high salary; and employers will cease to ask that workmen shall share losses which are due to the commercial department.

Profit sharing rests for its justification upon the fact that in the industrial department of a business the workmen increase the quantity of the product, improve its quality, take better care of implements, economize materials, diminish the cost of superintendence, and put an end to labor troubles, in view of a promised bonus. The existing evidence going to prove this fact is now accessible to every employer, and need only be here alluded to. No one claims that profit sharing gives the workmen skill in buying raw material or in selling the finished product.

The limit to which the industrial partnership should go is thus easily discernible. If the workmen in a productive establishment actually make the gains just indicated in quantity, quality, economy, and good order, then they earn a bonus in addition to wages. If the employer chooses, he can make the bonus payable in every year when this gain over the usual cost of manufacture is realized, without regard to the results in the commercial department. The Yale and Towne Manufacturing Company, of Stamford, Ct., practise such a system, devised by Mr. Henry R. Towne, to which he

gives the name of "Gain Sharing." * "It consists in ascertaining the present labor cost of a given product, and in dividing equitably with those engaged in producing it the gain or benefit accruing from increased efficiency or economy on their part." The industrial department being thus entirely separated from the commercial, a bonus to labor might be earned, and would have to be paid, in years when the commercial department showed a loss. So far as the workmen are concerned, they have done all they could to help the firm by diminishing the actual cost of manufacture. One part of the gain in production has gone to them and the other to the firm. Both parties, therefore, are gainers so far by the industrial partnership.

Professional advocates of "the cause of labor" (whose own exertions are chiefly vocal) will denounce even this kind of association under which the employees would get a bonus in every year in which the usual cost of production is diminished by them, because the employer also profits by the decrease. But advantage to all parties concerned is the very essence of partnership of any kind. It would be a curious invitation, in a world where self-interest must play an important rôle in human affairs, did we ask the employing class to adopt a new system which is to work only to the benefit of the workmen. The sound position is that every step of genuine progress is a benefit to all who take it. The workman objecting to a ten per cent. bonus on his wages, because his employer has also increased his gains, from the rise in the quality of labor, is fit for the lunatic asylum. It is not the industrious workmen who make this remarkable objection to any improvement of their own condition, but those persons who imagine that a benefit to one class should always be accompanied by an injury to another, and who would be seriously disturbed by seeing employer and employee prospering together in a real partnership!

The method called Gain Sharing is more favorable to the workmen than the less strictly logical system of profit sharing, or industrial partnership, under which the payment of a bonus to labor is conditioned on the commercial prosperity of the firm. This brief consideration of it will however help, I

* I have elsewhere described it briefly, and it may be found in detail in the Tenth Volume of the Transactions of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers.

trust, to enlighten those who rest in the argument for loss sharing as finally disposing of profit sharing. If gains are made in one department by workmen, and losses are incurred in another with which they have nothing to do, it is not reasonable that they should be called upon to share these losses out of their wages if they have received no bonus on account of the gain they have made in production. They take the risks of labor and they improve its quality and quantity. If they do this, it is highly irrational to ask them to share also the risks of capital and management. The irrationality would vanish did the workmen own shares, have free access to the books and a voice in the control of the business. But the undesirability of these features, all together, is to nobody more clear than to the advocates of loss sharing out of wages.

How far shall the partnership between master and men go? It should be confined to the industrial department, and stop short of a voice in the management, inspection of the accounts, and responsibility for losses. These three things stand together. Establish the third, and you must admit the first two; deny the advisability of the first two, and you must also reject the equity of the third.

Gain sharing is probably too logical an arrangement for the mass of employers; they would be unwilling to pay a bonus to labor in years in which the business as a whole, including the productive and the commercial departments, shows no profit or a positive loss. The practical effect of the majority of profit-sharing systems in operation to-day is that the workman takes the risk that the commercial department will do as well as the industrial department of the manufactory. The workmen have it fully in their power to make a reduction from the present average cost of production in an iron foundry or a cotton mill, and if they do not accomplish this, then profit sharing would be recommended to little purpose and with slight reason. Making their contribution to the success of the business as a whole, they must then depend upon the business ability of the firm for the payment of any bonus. But this dependence is probably the best arrangement for the producer. He allies himself, having industrial ability, with one or two or three men of commercial talent. If the firm cannot succeed in selling goods at a profit, much less would a combination of simple

producers be able to do it. The workman to-day depends for his wages, in the long run, upon the shrewdness and perseverance of his employer. It would probably be best in the great majority of cases where profit sharing is introduced that he should depend for his bonus also upon the same conditions. He then casts in his lot as a producer with the manager of the buying and selling department, and there is no separation in interests between the two departments, however logically desirable it might seem to be.

Thus considered, the objection that is most commonly raised to profit sharing, that it does not involve loss sharing, will be seen to be a boomerang in the hands of its users. The workman in an industrial partnership shares profits only when the whole establishment makes a profit to which he has contributed his share in his department. He fails to receive a bonus, and thus shares losses, when he has actually done his part toward making a dividend, but the firm has not done as well, because success with them is not so simple a matter. Objection might be made from the workman's side with more consistency than from the employer's side. But when we take both parties into full consideration and remember that it is a *partnership* they seek, in which one department must not expect to profit when the other is losing, then the equity of profit sharing becomes manifest.

The year 1889 has seen a marked growth of a public sentiment favorable to industrial partnership. At the Paris Exposition, the exhibition in the Group of Social Economy was one of the most noted features, "a collection," said President Carnot, "of invaluable information concerning productive industry and the means of improving it." Its second section was devoted to Profit Sharing and Co-operative Production. Here were to be seen in great abundance books, reports, charts, diagrams, and other illustrative matter, showing the history and present status of these two movements. The French Society devoted to the practical study of profit sharing, which had charge of this section, was recognized last March by a governmental decree as "an institution promoting the general welfare," and at the Exposition it was awarded a Grand Prize, in company with the Maison Leclaire and the Bon Marché, the foremost profit-sharing establishments of France. Medals—gold, silver, and bronze—were liberally bestowed on similar firms, at home

and abroad, and the authors of works on the system. Profit sharing, indeed, came off with flying colors and drums beating, from this industrial congress of the nations. Never before occupying an important place in such exhibitions, it can hardly fail of honor in future expositions where the condition of labor is represented. The entire Paris exhibit of Social Economy is to remain as the nucleus of a permanent museum which will not be least among the treasures of that city of libraries, collections, and galleries.

I was able to report last spring 137 establishments of all sizes, in Europe and America, in which profit sharing had been in operation, from one year to forty-seven. Later investigation by French and English authorities on the subject add 17 cases in France and Switzerland, and 20 in England; most of these are of recent date, but some run back a number of years. In the United States 6 additional instances have become known to me; there are doubtless numerous others in which the firms have reason for shunning publicity at present. The number of profit-sharing establishments enumerated in my volume should probably be diminished by subtracting 2 cases, making the number 135. Adding to this list the 17 French, the 20 English, and the 6 American instances, just mentioned, we have a total of 178 profit-sharing houses now. There are also in England 42 productive co-operative societies (not counted in my first list), which give the workmen a share in the profits. The grand total thus gives 220 business houses in which the principle of industrial partnership is to-day fully recognized.

The cordial reception which the year 1889 saw given by the American and English press to publications treating this just and sane plan of uniting the interests of employer and employee, is a plain sign that its progress is to continue. Undoubtedly, profit sharing has a future. That it will be prominent in the modified wages system of the new decade seems certain. It will be one among several methods generally recognized as more equitable and satisfactory than the unmodified time-wages system. More than this I am not disposed to claim for it; but it deserves a very fair and thorough trial in all directions. The result of such a trial will probably be to secure its adoption in many industries. Profit sharing is to be a great factor in solving the labor problem. This conviction strengthens as we listen to the variety of voices

which assert its justice and its reasonableness. I will here quote but two such utterances. They shall be of Englishmen, as we have used the English phrase, "industrial partnership."

Lord Derby (formerly Lord Stanley), speaking at Rochdale last month on labor questions, said: "I have a decided opinion as to the direction in which we ought to look. What is vaguely called co-operation — profit sharing would be a more accurate name — seems to me to give the best chance of reconciling employer and employed. It has, at any rate, three great advantages. It asks for no Parliamentary action, it meddles with no man's liberty, and it requires neither help nor money from the outside world. . . . I know that these successes have been gained in one department of industry mainly — that of distribution, and that where production is concerned the results have been more doubtful. That proves only that there is something left to be accomplished, not that the principle is unsound. For my own part I believe in the principle. That is to say, I believe that the most effectual way of reconciling employers and employed is to give them one interest. Where the worker gains directly by the prosperity of the business, he must be a hopeless idiot if he does not exert himself to the utmost of his power."

My second quotation emphasizes the union of aristocracy and democracy in business, of which profit sharing is a practical exemplification. When Edme-Jean Leclaire was dividing his first bonus to labor in 1843, Thomas Carlyle was thus writing in *Past and Present*. "A question arises here: Whether in some ulterior, perhaps some not far distant stage of this 'chivalry of labor' your master-worker may not find it possible and needful to grant his workers permanent *interest* in his enterprise and theirs? So that it become in practical result what in essential fact and justice it ever is—a joint enterprise; all men, from the chief master down to the lowest overseer and operative, economically as well as loyally concerned for it; — which question I do not answer. The answer near or else far is perhaps, Yes;—and yet one knows the difficulties. Despotism is essential in most enterprises. I am told they do not tolerate 'freedom of debate' on board a Seventy-four! Republican senate and *plebiscita* would not answer well in cotton mills, and yet observe there too, freedom, not nomad's or ape's freedom, but man's freedom; this is indispensable. We must have it, and will have it! To

reconcile despotism with freedom:—well, is that such a mystery? Do you not already know the way? It is to make your despotism *just*. Rigorous as destiny, but just, too, as destiny and its laws. The laws of God: all men obey these, and have no freedom at all but in obeying them. The way is already known, part of the way,—and courage and some other qualities are needed for walking on it.”

The problem thus set by Carlyle, the man of thought—the reconciliation in industry of aristocracy and democracy—was soon worked out by Leclaire, the man of action!

ROBERT BROWNING'S MESSAGE TO THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY JAMES T. BIXBY, D. D., PH. D.

It is a prevalent impression that our modern thought is of too independent a spirit, to be willing any longer to follow leaders, and that the chance for individual minds, however great, to make any strong impression on the age has gone by. Nevertheless, he who watches the currents about him will see, I think, that our age is, on the contrary, an age particularly desirous of guidance. The enthusiasm with which it runs after anyone in whom it finds suggestion of an outlook noticeably wider, or a vision considerably deeper than usual, is astonishing. The difficulty is usually, I think, not that there are not multitudes to-day ready to follow wise guides, but that these guides have rarely the needed combination of qualities to meet at once the demands of both the mind and heart of modern humanity. Our popular guides are apt to be too one-sided, seeing only one hemisphere of truth, and often but a narrow section in that. (Take some of those whose writings are most revered as oracles and see what their position is on the great questions of faith and morals.

In Herbert Spencer, science is taken as a creed, and religion is regarded as a theory of the universe of the unverifiable order, which will more and more be recognized as irrelevant and superfluous.

To George Eliot, religion is not a speculation but a matter of feeling. While, of course, the supernatural realm is unknowable, we are yet summoned by irresistible sympathy and pity to alleviate the evanescent life of our fellow-sufferers in this vale of tears, and find our heaven in the improved social state and high-developed nationality that shall succeed us.

A Tolstoi tells us that we should wait neither for immortality nor posterity, nor trust in society nor politics, but realize the realm of peace and goodwill at once by fraterniz-

ing with the poorest, erasing all lines of race, abolishing government and property, and ceasing to resist evil.

(A Newman cries: "All these wild new theories but demonstrate more clearly the error of abandoning the old ways and authority. Back to Rome. There is the only safety. To keep faith in God you must abhor faith in man as rebellion, and beat back resolutely the sceptical, corrosive human reason.")

Is there any faith, then, possible to one acquainted with modern knowledge and glowing with the passions of the nineteenth century? Are all believing minds necessarily reactionary, hiding in crevices of antique rubbish? Or are all progressive minds necessarily sceptic and pessimistic? How shall we save faith in man and progress, and, at the same time, belief in God and heaven? and where can we find a guide whose spiritual stature is tall enough, whose vision is large and clear enough to include both worlds?

This is the problem that to-day perplexes thinking minds. And this was the fortunate rôle of Robert Browning, (the happy combination that existed in him, that while his feet were planted firmly on the rock-ribbed earth, his eyes looked clearly into the heavens. He) was a modern man of the amplest type, untiring in searching for reality, acquainted with all the nineteenth century's advances in knowledge, his veins throbbing with warmest red blood; and yet he was a religious pilgrim, who in earnest aspiration climbed Pisgah's height, to gaze on the promised land and breathe a rarer ether and a diviner air than the valleys of our daily life allow. In his poetic symphonies he ranged over the whole gamut of human emotion — the careless joyousness of youth and the vague yearnings of the brooding heart; the trumpet call to duty, and the pathetic minor strains of sorrow. All the chords and discords of our mingled humanity are found successively struck in his writings. (What Wagner is among modern musicians, that Browning is among modern poets.) His genius is dramatic. He likes to place what he has to say in the mouths of others. He delights to put himself inside the consciousness of an historic figure or some typical modern character, and unravel the motives that move them. It might seem, therefore, difficult to get at his real thought, but as a matter of fact we see very quickly that all these actors on his stage are but masks, through which Browning himself is speaking.

Thus, in spite of the dramatic form of his work, Browning had always a lesson to convey, a message to utter. His teaching, when you master the obscurity of the expression, is never ambiguous or hesitating. (Its tone is thoroughly wholesome — a healthy tonic to enfeebled wills.) In all the struggles of the great modern battle between flesh and spirit he may be counted upon with confidence as one to be found on the side of the angels. (As Aaron in olden time stood before the altar, adorned with bells of gold and embroidered pomegranates on the hem of his robe round about, so, in the beautiful garments of poesy, fringed with the bells and pomegranates of exquisite fancy, does Browning stand in the great temple of humanity as a high-priest of the spiritual life.)

This is the secret of his power. It is the popular idea of the day that literature, to be strong, should be realistic; and that realism means limitation to that which can be observed and verified by sense; fidelity to the visible and the natural. But no elevated poetry can grow on such arid soil as this. To awaken noble emotions, there must be noble incitements. To create that ideal light which poetry would shed over all things, there must be some solar corona of diviner power than that which astronomers photograph.

Now, Robert Browning possessed distinctively this poetic insight. He had the wisdom ever to "hold on, hope hard in the subtle thing that's spirit."

In all his writings, he delighted to show us "beyond the ugly actual,—lo! imagination's limitless domain." Thought is to him at once the centre of the nearest and the arc that carries its curve about the most distant. Mind is the key that unlocks all; and the whole world of matter in his view, is but the sphere of spirit, writ large and coarse for the dull eyes, who else could not discern it.

(In this reality and supremacy of the spiritual, I find the harmonic note, the fundamental chord that runs through all Robert Browning's many volumes.)

In his Essay upon Shelley, he describes the subjective poet as one who struggles toward "not what man sees, but what God sees." This world that lies plain to God's eye is what Browning has himself ever sought to discern, and to interpret the gross pictures upon the human retina by those finer, more eternal visions of the soul.)

(Every star, and rose, and beetling crag — the whole material world, is to Browning a shell within which this Divine life throbs. It is this felt proximity of the everlasting world that gives its charm to the landscapes of our changing world. It is these waves, unseen by all but the inner eye, that in the hour of lofty communion roll into the heart and flood it with joy, a mystic expression of infinite power looking forth from it, and the familiar outlines of our homely surroundings, and each kindly act of our daily companions, glow with an exhalation of love and beauty as if transfigured by some wonder-working master.

The things of the spiritual world then are to Browning the enduring realities. "Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand fast." And the true knowledge is that which discloses this world, unseen by mortal eye. Our higher instincts and intuitions are not, to him, objects of suspicion, to be put into the crucible of philosophic analysis and dissolved into relics of pre-historic fear, selfishness, and superstition; but they are the rifts through which the light of spiritual truth, in the hour of high emotion, streams in upon us. Though in ordinary days our selfishness and dullness of heart obscure this true sunlight of the mind, yet to all, at times, the purer vision is vouchsafed. As the lover of Christina says:—

"Oh, we're sunk enough here, God knows!
But not quite so sunk, that moments
Sure, tho' seldom, are denied us,
When the spirit's true endowments
Stand out plainly from its false ones,
And apprise it, if pursuing
Or the right way or the wrong way,
To its triumph or undoing."

Whence do these flashes come that blaze out of the midnight, and before which our swollen ambitions dwindle into nothingness? It is in the inmost centre of the spirit that truth dwells. Around, wall upon wall the gross flesh hems it in, and to know, as is said in Paracelsus:—

"Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape
Than in effecting entry for a light,
Supposed to be without."

It is through his transparency to this inner soul-light that the true poet becomes "God's glow-worm," as he pictur-

esquely says; the luminous revealer of the Divine. And every earnest human soul, that is true to its higher instincts, becomes also, in proportion to its spiritual vision, an avenue for the incoming of Divine truth. Inspiration, in Browning's view, is no miraculous break in the circuit of human thought, but the glowing incandescence it assumes in him who lives in close communion with his maker. And Duty is no careful balance-sheet of the probable net results of action, as with George Eliot and Herbert Spencer, but faithful obedience to our purest ideal; resolute to stand by the vision that in our loftiest hour of insight we have revered:—though all the heaven of our happiness fall in ruin thereby.

Browning is thus a thorough-going intuitionist. But there is more than one kind. Emerson and Carlyle were also intuitionists. To Emerson, the source of truth was the intellect. To Carlyle it was the conscience. The supreme thing to the first was, therefore, knowledge; to the second it was Duty.) But Browning knows what he considers a better oracle, a more precious thing yet. "The heart," as he makes Lucia say, "leads surelier." Love is the one thing that has intrinsic, supreme worth. That modern passion for knowledge that idolizes science as the key which is to unlock paradise for man, seems to him to have got hold of only one-half, and that the smaller half, of the truth. (As he shows in Paracelsus, such a one-sided direction of our energies and expectations inevitably leads to failure.) The exclusive worshipper of knowledge sleeps in fairy-land, to wake in bitter disappointment. To give completion to life, the thirst to know should be supplemented with the longings and outpourings of affection. "Take away love from human life, and our earth," as is said by Fra Lippo, "is a tomb." In this activity of the heart, human nature reaches its noblest expression. It is the crown of the most heroic; the saving salt in the lowest. As is said in *Sordello*, "It is love that leads the soul to its true perfection, and by this path alone can man in any degree approximate to God. It was our author's most happy lot both to woo and to win one of the purest, tenderest women whom the world has seen. The union of the two poets—Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett—was an ideal one; a complete harmony of mind and heart in which each inspired and strengthened the other. It is no wonder that the sunshine of such a love became to him

a source of illumination upon all the mysteries of existence. Henceforth, the natural world gained a new significance as the sphere wherein love shows itself and learns to understand its own nature; and as he comes to recognize human affection as no self-made invention, but the overflow of a more bounteous Fountain, he sees in this privilege of loving in turn and being beloved,

“Machinery just meant to give thy soul its bent,”
and in this slow, impure affection of human flesh a sparkle of the Divine Glory.) As it is God’s most precious gift to man, so it is the clearest disclosure of God’s essential nature. Without it, indeed, God would be unworthy of our reverence, no matter how infinite His power and majesty.

(The loving worm, within its clod,
Were diviner than a loveless God
Within his worlds.”

This is the sublime truth in Christianity, — its picture of a God who overflows with pity for our infirmities, through whose thunder there comes the human voice of tender compassion, saying: “O heart I made, a heart beats here.”)

Now, to say that such a conception of God is baseless, is to make man’s heart more loving than God’s, and therefore the nobler. In proportion as we experience the range of the beneficent power of human love, we must believe in the Divine love. (This is one of Browning’s fundamental tenets. It is the source, first, of his constant faith in God’s being; second, of his sunny hope and unswerving trustfulness. He holds that

“The truth in God’s breast
Lies trace for trace upon ours impressed,”

and from the dim image of that which is noblest in humanity, we get assurance of the transcendent Godhead.) How powerfully is this brought out in Browning’s Saul. What a vivid picture is that of the agonized king, blind and stark with his pain, hanging on the cross-beam in the black tent in the desert. In song after song the sweet singer of Israel tries in vain to touch the better soul within the possessed man. In vain he chants of the beauty and peace of nature, — the tale of human joys and sorrows; in vain he reminds him of his own glorious past, and the elevation of the lot of posterity that comes by personal suffering. But though he goes the

whole round of creation, nothing seems to stir the crushed heart of the king. David's sympathy seems to outrun God's compassion. Then the truth flashes over David.

"Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift, that I doubt His own love can compete with it?" In that case, he says, the creature would surpass his creator.

"Would I fain in my impotent yearning, do all for this man?

And dare doubt He alone shall not do it, who yet alone can?

Would I suffer for him that I love?

So wouldst thou,—so wilt thou.

So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown;

And thy love fill infinitude wholly."

It is thus that the magnet of the unselfish heart points to the pole-star of a divine love. But while Browning's faith in God's existence is firm, his conception of His character is by no means the orthodox one. (For that popular anthropomorphism that projects into the divine nature so much of human nature's crudest dross, he has a profound contempt. In "Caliban upon Setebos, or, Natural Theology in the Island," he satirizes in the most stinging manner the low ideas of Deity prevailing in the popular churches. By the island, of course, he means Christendom; Setebos is its God, and Caliban the thick-headed dogmatist who thinks God as capricious and tyrannical as he himself would be if elevated to the post of Lord of the universe. Caliban lies in the ooze and revolves in his mind what sort of a life and being that of his mother's God must be, and what he himself would do, were he the creator and ruler of all things about him.) As he himself once built up a fanciful structure of turfs and chalk, and ornamented it in his rude way, not for any use, but just to occupy the time, and some day knock it down again,—so he fancies his God creates. (He would like to make a bird out of clay, and if the creature should break a leg, and pray to have the wrong repaired, he would perhaps

"Give the manniken three legs for one,

Or pluck the other off, and leave him like an egg,)

And lessened he was mine and merely clay."

So his God, he fancies, makes and mars human clay according to His caprice. Setebos is a stern and jealous God, and the best way to escape his ire is "not to seem too happy." So Caliban only "dances in the dark," when his

God cannot see him, and "moans in the sun," when eyes may be upon him. If he aroused the anger of his God, he would think the best way to avert his jealousy and to appease him to be, —

"To cut a finger off,
Or of my three kid yearlings, burn the best."

How grovelling and irrational seem such ideas of the Divine! Yet how little more degraded are they than the notions contained in many an accepted creed, and preached in the pulpit of many a popular church? In these current doctrines of divine election, and damnation, and vicarious atonement, or in these ascetic mortifications of the flesh which so many practice for forty days, what else do we see than the superstitious relics of the Caliban period of the human mind?

One of the accepted attributes of God is that of His Omnipresence; yet in the current faith of Christianity, even among the soundest believers, it is tacitly ignored, and all their philosophy makes a profound gulf between Nature and God. To Browning, however, this universal nearness of God is a living truth. As he makes one of his characters say: —

"He glows above with scarce an intervention,
Presses close and palpitatingly, his soul o'er ours."

The whole vast structure of the world, in fact, seems to Browning but the walls of a divine temple, and the face of God, that former generations saw lean above it, and later sceptics have analyzed away, —

"That one Face, far from vanish, rather grows,
Or decomposes, but to recompose,
Become my universe that feels and grows."

— *Epilogue to Dramatis Personæ.*

With such an intimate consciousness of God, there is, of course, no room in Browning's philosophy for pessimism. He is an optimist of the most serene sort. His faith in a Providence that orders all things is unquestioning. To him

"God is the perfect poet,
Who in creation acts His own conceptions,"

and as His power is equal to His love, all must be right. "God guides me and the bird," as Paracelsus says, "and

therefore in good time I shall arrive at the goal of my journey." Beneath the prickly burr of evil things Browning recognizes a sweet kernel of good, and in the most deformed human nature a power of final deliverance. Even as he gazes on the mortal remains of the miserable suicide in the morgue by the Seine, he feels the hope that

"A sun will pierce the thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That after last returns the first,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst."

"But do we in this world," the hard-headed man of fact will demand, "see such compensations and happy consummations? Within our brief earthly life is there, indeed, room and verge enough for them?" It is not there that Browning looks for them. Believing in the soul within man as our true being, he naturally believes that it does not cease its existence with the decay of the *flesh*. His faith is that

"All that is at all
Lasts ever, past recall.
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be."

In "Evelyn Hope," "La Saisiaz," "The Ring and the Book," "Prospice," "Any Wife to any Husband," this firm faith in a continued personal existence and the joyful hope of a happy reunion with those we love, is the conviction lying at the foundation. That which sustains his lovers, even in the bitter hour when the grave yawns for the beloved one, is the faith that Elvire voices, "Love is all, and death is nought." Eternity is ahead in which to complete all that we have begun here. It is this conception that, in a "Gram-marian's Funeral," vindicates the pin-points upon which the special student works. It is a bad prudence that draws the circle prematurely at the earth's horizon, and says: "Live now or never." The truly wise throw on God the task

"To make the heavenly period perfect the earthen.
What's time?
Leave now for dogs and apes. Man has forever."

In that forever there is room for the vindication of all earth's injustices, the setting right of all the failures, the realizing of every earnest aspiration. With what lofty

beauty of expression and what convincing cogency of thought this is brought out in "Abt Vogler." Extemporizing on the organ which he has invented, and pouring into his playing all his feelings of yearning and aspiration, he evokes a magic palace of sweet sounds, whose musical forms and arabesques, rising ever higher and higher, soar aloft; as St. Peter's dome, at a midnight illumination, towers through the sky's expanse, his soul, upborne on the surging waves of harmony, has reached the highest elevation, till he seems to have overpassed all limitations of space and time, and to know nought but the inconceivable splendors of the heavens that flash on his ecstatic spirit. Wrapt in his emotions, his hands had dropped, and the fairy structure had melted into thin air. Like the baseless fabric of a dream it had vanished, and with it, his lofty mood. Depressed at the sudden loss and descent to earthly scenes, the sad tears involuntarily start. He turns in his melancholy mood to Him, the Ineffable One, who, like the musician, but on a still grander scale, is a Builder of houses not made with hands. And then the word of reassurance comes to the musician. He sees how idle it is to doubt when God's power expands his heart with any noble longing, but what that same Power can satisfy the aspiration which it has quickened. God's present love is the assurance, likewise, of His continuing care, for He is not one who raises expectations merely to disappoint. As all true life and energy are rooted in God, no effort shall be in vain.

("There shall never be one lost good. What was shall live as before.

All we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed of good shall exist—
The high that proved too high: the heroic for earth too hard

The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard,—

Enough that He heard it once, we shall hear it by-and-by.)

It is in the illumination of these same high faiths, that Browning looks upon human existence. "What is the object of life?" is a question repeatedly asked at the present day. (And our scientific oracles, to whom the multitude turn nowadays for instruction, seem to have great difficulty in answering. They search land and water, the prince's palace and the philosopher's sanctum, in vain, to find much, if anything, that makes life worth living.) Browning's muse, however, is singularly clear and confident on this point.

Whatever vagueness and confusion this modern Sibyl may exhibit in other points, here she sings no uncertain note. To Browning this world is no blot,

"No blank,
It means intensely, and means good."

And that good is "the development of the soul," the unfolding of the divine seed within us to its appointed fulness. ("Why stay we on the earth," as he makes Cleon ask, "unless to grow?" Or, as Norbert says in the drama, "In a Balcony," "I count life just a stuff to try the soul's strength on, educe the man." When we have once recognized this as our destined work, we see how all things in life may minister to it. Even the most outward things, all the attractions of flesh and sense, "the lip's red charm, the pride of the brow," may be turned, by the soul that knows how to use them, "from an earthly gift to an end divine.") ~~And~~ not only may all the joys and blessings of the earth minister to this spiritual discipline — but still more, life's temptations and trials. Were there no evil to wrestle with, our moral muscles would lose all that exercise that is essential to produce "the wrestling thews that throw the world." (The primal thesis to him is

"Man is not God, but hath God's end to serve,
Somewhat to cast off, somewhat to become.
Grant this? — then man must pass from old to new,
From vain to real, from mistake to fact;
From what once seemed good, to what now proves best.)
How could man have progression otherwise?"

It is this power of ascent from lower to higher that is, in our poet's view, the distinctive mark of *man*, as distinguished from the God above who can do all he knows, and the beasts below, who can know no more than they can perform. (Our temptations are not then, defects in life's plan, but, as the old Pope says in the "Ring and the Book," the opportunity for man mastering them, "to be pedestalled in triumph, learning anew the use of soldiership, self-abnegation, freedom from all fear"; and thus, by stern experience, he becomes "Initiated in Godship; set to make a fairer moral world than this he finds." It is when the fight begins within himself, as Bishop Blougram says, that a man's worth something. "God stoops o'er his head, Satan looks up

between his feet; both tug, he's left himself in the middle; the soul wakes and grows."

The discords in our life's symphony, as Abt Volger intimates, are but thrown in, to make the harmony more prized. Or better, to use the beautiful figure in Rabbi Ben Ezra's soliloquy: "Man is like the clay in the hands of a Master Artist, who by spiritual processes will shape up to fulfil his wise purpose." Bound to the wheel of life, whirling dizzily around, how can we understand the form or use that Divine Moulder of our life designs us for? It is for us to trust that each pressure and groove and whirl contributes something to give the soul its finished shape, and when completed the cup will be as perfect in its way as the Infinite Wisdom that fashions it can make it. It is the part alike of humility and of wisdom to say, with the pious Rabbi: —

Then welcome each rebuff

That turns earth's smoothness rough;

Each sting, that bids nor sit or stand but go;

Be our joy, three parts pain?

Strive, and hold cheap the strain.

Learn, nor account the pang.

Dare, — never grudge the throe.")

And this brings us to the great practical problem of life. How most wisely to use it, — how to carry ourselves in the presence of these two worlds — that of flesh and of soul. The true human life, in Browning's view, is neither that which scorns earth nor that which ignores heaven. (Man is properly (to use a favorite figure of his) an amphibian. Our life is like that of the swimmer — the sea beneath him, the heaven above him. Immersed in the grosser element, he breathes and lives by the more ethereal medium. He sees and knows the upper air and the infinite, star-jewelled azure, though all the fishes, whose only thought is to nibble the sea-weed on the bay's bottom, declare such things non-existent. The life of the emancipated spirit, we are as yet unequal to. But we must either strive after it, living with them in dream and longing, till our wings also unfurl.)

That to which Browning summons mankind, therefore, as the supreme virtue, is earnest, unflinching aspiration. "Tis not what man does that exalts him," he says, "but what man would do." As long as we cherish within us, as a sacred fire, the longing for a glory beyond all earth's glory, there is

hope. (It is only when we find ourselves resting in satisfaction with our own finite achievements, that we should feel discouraged. This is the lesson hinted in Andrea Del Sarto, the faultless painter. His technique is perfect. Color and drawing exactly match and accurately embody all that his mind conceives. And it is just for this reason, because he has no infinitude of aspiration beyond all that marble or pigments can express, that he falls below the rank of a supreme artist, such as Raphael or Michael Angelo.

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's heaven for?")

The spirit of Browning's poetry is always, therefore, cheerful, brave, and sympathetic. Sunshine and love always lie ahead and above us. Toward all the wanderings of human passion and the errors of finite thought, he has immense leniency. (As an intuitionist, he naturally cares little for tradition and authority. His religion carries a candle of the Lord, all its own. For the forms and creeds, liturgies and institutions in which Christian faith in various quarters has embodied itself, he has small interest. If there is no life-blood of reverent trust and warm, unselfish ardor coursing within them, they are but as mummies, turning their blind eye-balls to the sky. But if these spiritual pulses are there, then they shall not fail to nourish the soul, however they are named. No matter how humble or imperfect be the world of such devotion, it shall be accepted by the Heavenly Judge. As the little silk-winder sung, "All service ranks same with God." Though his own convictions of the reality of the invisible world are firm, he has the broadest charity for all various forms of faith, and even for the most radical scepticisms. We find in his pages much of the deep things of faith, the essence of our common Christianity. But we find in them nothing of narrowness and sectarianism. You may read through the whole long row of his published writings in vain to learn to what denomination he belongs. All you will find is that his faith is as firm as it is free. His religion is the recognition of love as the noblest dower of man and the inner life of the universe, and he reveres Christianity as the best expression of this divine affection. Every church within which we can find the heart-beats of an earnest faith deserves, in his view, our regard. With what wonderful

power and beauty has he enforced in his poem of "Christmas-Eve" this duty of sympathy with all sincere forms of worship, however diverse or imperfect. First, he describes for us the little Dissenting Chapel, in a squalid knot of alleys, where the poet, overtaken by a rain, has sought shelter. He paints with graphic realism the shabby, common-place worshippers, the "lead-like pressure of the preaching man's immense stupidity," and the juiceless dogmas in which salvation was shut up. Disgusted with this narrow shrine, he flings himself out of the chapel, and in the marvellous lunar rainbow that sweeps across the sky the beauty and power of Nature to impress the heart are depicted. Then the Christ appears and shows him that in different ways he has been with him just as much in the humble chapel as in the grand natural spectacle that he has been admiring. Under the lead of the Christ, he is brought next before the miraculous dome of St. Peter's, and into the midst of all the gorgeous ceremonials of the Roman worship, and from thence to the lecture-room of a rationalistic German professor, as, in his search for truth, he analyzes the Christ-myth, as the critic calls it, and in both cathedral and lecture-room the Christ is present; and then, waking from his dream, the poet finds himself back in the little chapel, and there comes to his heart, as the lesson of all, this truth, that we should never despise the water of life because it is mingled with some inevitable taint of earth, but ever "above the scope of error, see the love"; and in all the variously-shaped vessels of sincere faith recognize the fruit of that vine by which the spirit is quickened.

Such are the cardinal points in Browning's faith.

X A common speculation of the present day is, as to what shall be the faith of the future? And every "ism," every ecclesiastical organization likes to present itself as the coming Saviour of the race. To my mind the faith that humanity needs, and that one day—I know not how distant—but surely some day,—it shall adopt, is a faith in its large features, like that of Browning; a faith, reverent yet rational, spiritual yet liberal. The modern mind cannot be permanently satisfied with either the superstitions that have prevailed, or the scepticisms that are now from every quarter urged upon it. The thought of a generation that has been enlarged by such grand discoveries as Science and Philosophy

have in these latter days made, cannot be confined in the petty circles of the old traditions and dogmas. It will welcome no faith that does not give a corresponding welcome to all possible progress.

On the other hand, no researches of the intellect can eliminate from man his heart and conscience, nor make him content, while that finer half of his nature is bound and gagged. The dry rationalism that, because of the mythical and historical uncertainties, or the scientific derivations in which modern objectors rebel, would reject Christianity altogether, is as rash a proceeding as to pour out the baby with the bathing water, as the only means of cleansing the tub. The faith or the philosophy, then, that will meet the wants of posterity, must have food for both the intellect and the heart. The teaching that shall convert the man of the twentieth century will not be threats of hell-fire, nor dry argument, however close-knit, but it will be rather of the nature of those tender, penetrating strains by which David expelled the evil spirits from Saul's breast:—a harmony of thought and feeling in which the seeking note of Divine Love throbs through every chord. It should present Christianity, as Browning does, not as a theory, but as a life. It should ever seek, as he says, to "leaven earth as we may, with heaven." Its voice should be resonant with hope and courage, finding God-service in every earnest-seeking—a soul-victory in every faithful struggle. In all these points, Browning is the Psalmist of the future's faith,—that new gospel which is but the old Gospel of Christ in modern version. What better creed may humanity ask to inscribe over the portal of its coming church than this from Browning's "Guardian Angel"?

"O world as God made it,—all is beauty.

And knowing this,—is love—and love is duty."

What further may be sought for or declared?

REMINISCENCES OF DEBUTS IN MANY LANDS.

HELENA MODJESKA.

First Paper.

I.—BOCHNIA.*

BOCHNIA is a small town of two or three thousand inhabitants in that part of Poland which belongs to Austria, and which is called the Kingdom of Galitzia. It lies about fifty miles east of Cracow. In old times Bochnia was a place of note, celebrated for its salt mines. At present the mines are nearly exhausted, and cannot compare with those of Wieliezka, the latter probably the largest in the world. Buildings half ruined and miserable, huts now stand in place of the old historic castle, and instead of brilliant knights and rich noblemen you see on the muddy streets merely poor peasants, shabby Jews, and only a few decently dressed men and women. In short, Bochnia to-day is a very uninteresting spot, except for a legend of the 12th century, clinging to its name. Of course I do not ask the readers of *THE ARENA* to believe in the story, yet to us to the manor born, it is, if not an article of faith, yet a dear old tradition kept up as a sacred relic of the beloved past.

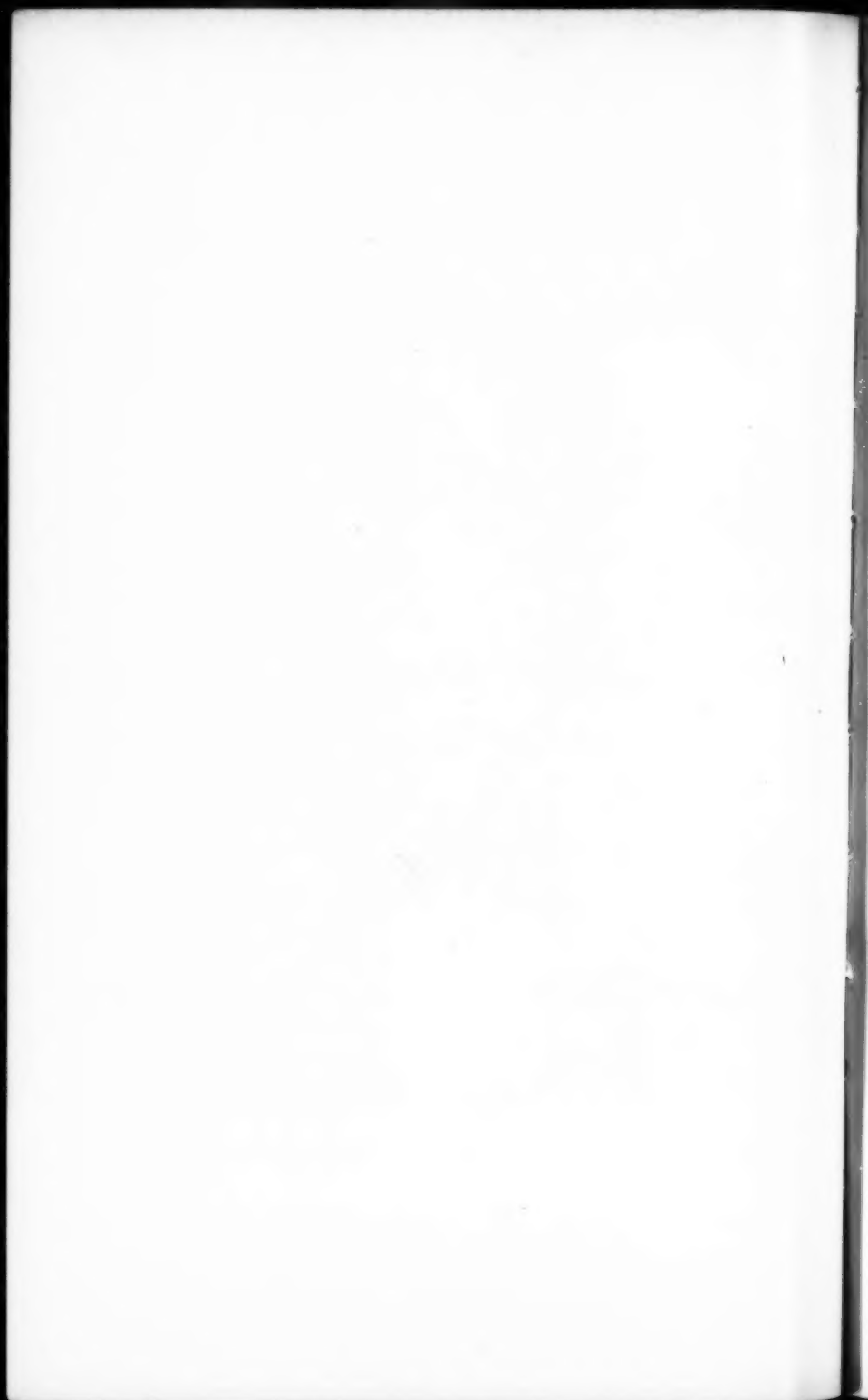
It may appear somewhat strange, if not ridiculous, for a modern actress to begin her dramatic reminiscences with a chronicle seven centuries old, but I am not original in that as I only follow the lead of A. Dumas, *père*, who gives the story of the crusade of St. Louis at the first pages of his well-known *Memoirs*.

In the good old times reigned in Poland a king, good and virtuous, Boleslas III., called the Modest. When a very young prince, he started in search of a bride, and soon found one in the person of Kinga, the daughter of Bela, the King of Hungary. She was too young to be married, but she was beautiful, pious, and wise beyond her age. As she was

*Pronounced Bokhnia.



Helen Modjeske



barely in her teens, the wedding was postponed, and in its place a royal betrothal was celebrated with all due ceremonies. At the same time the chancellors of the two kingdoms negotiated the settlement, or rather the dowry of the future Queen of Poland.

Unfortunately, Bela of Hungary was a poor king, poor in gold and silver, whilst Boleslas was, even for a sovereign, in quite respectable circumstances. I do not want to say that his fortune was anything like the wealth of our present bankers, railroad magnates, or the Silver King of the West, but then in the twelfth century people had simpler tastes, and did not spend so much on their comforts or luxuries. But, whatever the wealth of Boleslas did amount to reduced to dollars and cents, the chancellor of Hungary thought it immense, and used it as an argument with his Polish colleague, to prove to him that Queen Kinga was a precious jewel in herself, and did not require as setting any personal fortune. I am sorry to confess that my countryman, the chancellor of Boleslas, did not appreciate the beauty of the argument, and insisted so strongly on a royal apanag, that the negotiations came to the point of being broken, and the betrothal of the royal pair threatened to be dissolved.

It was at this critical moment, the legend says, that the young princess interfered. She learned that Poland, though flowing with milk and honey, rich in the products of the soil, as well as mineral wealth, and endowed by nature with many advantages, was sadly deficient in one of the main necessities of life,—in salt. On the other side, Hungary had many salt mines, more than were needed for the use of its inhabitants.

With a remarkable foresight in such a young child, Kinga asked her father to give her in dowry, one of the superfluous salt mines. King Bela and his chancellor refused at first, but she pleaded so beautifully and so winningly that the King of Hungary consented to the gift, and the settlement written by the two chancellors inserted as dowry of Queen Kinga, one salt mine.

Then the young princess went to the mine herself in assistance of the two kings and their courts, and took possession of it, by throwing a precious ring into the deepest shaft.

A few years afterwards, Princess Kinga was brought over to Cracow, and married to King Boleslas in the cathedral of the Wavel.

However, when the Polish crown tried to assert its right to the dowry of the queen, and sent its representatives to Hungary to take possession of it, the Hungarians opposed them by force and prevented the Polish envoys from taking any salt out of the mine.

The news of this unfair treatment excited great indignation in Cracow and through the whole of the Polish country. The people complained loudly, and even the young bridegroom frowned on his queen. A war threatened to break out between the two friendly nations.

Poor Kinga was terribly distressed. In the solitude of her oratory she shed pitiful tears. Making penance by severe fasts, she prayed to Heaven to help her, and to ward off the calamity hanging over her head and threatening the two countries dear to her heart.

Then, says the old chronicler, at such and such a day, she took her husband and all the court to a place in the hills, at the distance of a two-days' journey from Cracow. There she ordered some workmen to dig. They dug and worked all day long without result, till, when the evening came, one of them exclaimed joyously, and brought from the bottom of the pit a beautiful ring. Oh, wonder! It was the same ring that some years ago the princess had thrown into the shaft of the salt mine in Hungaria, hundreds of miles away.

While all the assistants were wonder-struck at this strange miracle, the queen ordered the working-men to go on with their work. Hardly had they given a few strokes, when at the bottom of the pit appeared a hard and white substance, looking like crystal. It was rock-salt.

The mine and the ring had wandered underground all those hundreds of miles from far away Hungaria, to proclaim the virtue of Kinga, the pious princess. For centuries did the Bochnia mines supply salt for the Polish people, forming one of the richest possessions of the crown.

Kinga's fame remained in history under the name of Sainte Cunegoude.

At the present time little remains in Bochnia of the marvels of its past, or its glorious associations.

For the writer of this article, Bochnia has another memory of a purely personal character, but one which she may be excused from mentioning, as it is deeply connected with all her future life.

At some time more than two decades ago (I trust the reader will be courteous enough not to insist upon the precise date) I was living in Bochnia with M. Modjeska and with my little son, only a few months old. We were poor, very poor, wretchedly poor. But if I remember well, poverty did not make me gloomy nor despondent. At the time of our stay in Bochnia some misfortune happened, causing the death of several men, who left widows and orphans, without any means of support. Everybody felt compassion for the unfortunate ones, and tried to help them. We also pitied them, but our pity threatened to remain fruitless, for we had no money, nor anything else to assist them with. We felt very badly about it, for is it not usually the poor who are most ready to help the poor? And this is only natural, for they know best what poverty means. Anyhow, we were harrowing our minds how to find some means of assistance, when a happy idea occurred to me. "Let us organize a charity performance for their benefit." The idea was received with general acclamation.

There was in Bochnia at that time a provincial actor of some experience, M. Lóbojko, on the other side my sister and myself claimed some knowledge of the profession, as two of our brothers were actors, and we had ourselves, as children, tried our forces at home in plays improvised by ourselves.

The difficulties standing in the way of regular charitable performances did not trouble us much. The auditorium. There was no hall to rent, which was very fortunate, for we could not have afforded to pay the rent. The advertisements. There was no newspaper, no printing-office in town, so we decided not to advertise at all. For the hall, we obtained a large room in the *Casino*, a kind of local club, where the social festivities of the little town took place. It possessed a small stage. The footlights consisted of a few lamps and a number of tallow candles.

I forgot to say that our company included besides M. Lóbojko, my sister and myself, one young student who was spending his vacation in Bochnia. So there were four members in all, and there was a great difficulty in finding a play which did not require more than that number of personages. At last we decided to play three small pieces in one act, each requiring a small cast. The first and main one was a French comédietta or vaudeville, called "The White Camelia." It is a piece of rather delicate and refined work, in the style of

the proverbs of Musset and Feuillet, and did not seem very fit to the surroundings of the Bochnia stage. I was to play a countess of high French society; my sister the soubrette, and M. Lobjko, the husband. There are several pretty songs in the play. The great difficulty was to find a wardrobe suitable for a great French lady. Happily my mother had a grey silk gown—a remnant of better times. It was not an easy piece of work to transform the old-fashioned style of dress into a modern, Frenchy-looking pattern, and to make it fit to me, as my mother was rather stout, and I was of a very slim and slender figure.

The other plays were Polish operetta with peasant costumes—easy to mount—and a farce, the cast of which threatened to prove an obstacle hardly possible to overcome. The personages did not exceed four, which was exactly the number of our company, but unfortunately they represented three men and one woman, whilst our dramatic organization was composed of two men and two women. To meet this difficulty, I was cast for a male part—the part of a young saucy lackey (but not in doublets and hose)—whose chief performance consisted in stealing a pair of boots from a shoe store.

The audience was more numerous than we expected. All the authorities of the district and city, several country gentlemen of the neighborhood, a few occasional visitors to town, the teachers and students of the local schools, in fact, everybody who dressed in the occidental fashion, and even a thin scattering of Jews in their long silk *talars*, filled the Casino Hall, and represented what is called in the American theatrical language, a full house.

I do not remember very well the details of the reception by the public, but I suppose it must have been very gratifying, because the members of our company were all enthusiastic at the end of the play. The chief event of the evening consisted in the visit of a stranger, who came to see us after the performance. He was very pleasant, and rather amused at my almost childish appearance. He asked me, nevertheless, how long I had been on the stage, which I considered a flattering compliment. The stranger seemed most struck with my impersonation of the impudent valet, and told me that he was quite tempted to box my ears. This visitor was M. Checinski, an actor of the Warsaw stage, who was also a dramatic author of notable fame, and who later became the

stage manager of the Imperial Theatre. This visit proved in later years the starting point in my career on a larger field.

I suppose our achievement must have been quite a genuine success, because two more performances were given, and our enthusiasm grew to such an extent, that we decided to change our amateur organization into a regular professional dramatic company. Several actors and actresses, waifs and strays of disbanded companies, and several young aspirants to histrionic laurels, having heard of our Bochnia experience, joined us, and we became a regular band of strolling comedians, going from town to town through all Galitzia with the usual ups and downs incidental to this kind of life.

II.—WARSAW, 1868.

On the 12th of September I was married to my present husband, Charles Bozenta Chlapowski. On the next day we both left Cracow for Warsaw, where I had been offered an engagement of twelve performances during the month of October. This was a great honor but a dangerous one. The Warsaw Imperial Theatre is entirely run on the basis of stock companies and star system is unknown there. It is an enormous and unwieldy machine, controlled as well as subsidized by the Russian Government, and is composed of an Opera Company, a Comic Opera, a Ballet and a Drama, and Comedy Company. Three orchestras, two choruses, a ballet school, a dramatic school, and a large number of officials low and high, and workmen of all kinds belong to the organization. The salary list includes from seven to eight hundred people. The theatre owns a main building, the superface of which is equal to three or four blocks in New York, containing two theatres besides concert halls and ball halls. There belong also to it three other theatres in town. Three daily performances are given in the various auditoriums.

At the head of this establishment is a high official, called the president, usually some general, whose authority is absolute, and who is responsible only to the Lieutenant Governor of Poland but who in certain cases has the right of appeal to the Emperor himself.

The organization is entirely of a bureaucratic character, all its employees are exempt from military obligation, and after a lapse of so many years of service, entitled to a pension for life.

Its artistic force was recruited mostly from its dramatic schools, and if any outsider was admitted to the ranks, it was usually to the lowest ones. It therefore came to pass, that the rule of seniority, customary in the military and civil services, was often applied in the theatre, to the distribution of parts and to the question of emoluments.

A new president, Count Sergius Moukhanoff, had been appointed in the early half of 1868. This gentleman, of very high intellectual attainments, had been aide-de-camp to the Grand Duke Constantin, Viceroy of Poland in 1863 and 1864. His high social position, his education, his personal character, his influence at court, and his marriage with Madam Marie Calergi made him one of the marked personalities not only in Warsaw, but in the highest circles of Russian Society. The name of Madam Marie Calergi, if unknown in America, was a very popular one in Europe. Daughter of the celebrated Chancellor Nesselrode, she was personally a queen of beauty. But more than this, her intellectual superiority, her charm of manners, her artistic accomplishments made her one of those *Grandes Dames*, in the noblest sense of the word, who played such an important part in the social life of Europe; personal friend of Alfred de Musset, of Chopin, of Liszt, of Wagner, she was herself one of the foremost pianists of her day. Chopin considered her one of his best interpreters, Liszt and Wagner dedicated to her their most important works. Like other great Russian ladies living abroad, she had a very considerable political influence, but unlike the others, she exercised it always in the noblest way. Her memory is one of the precious recollections of my past, and I shall always cherish and revere it; I think that she exercised a strong and refining influence upon my further artistic development.

But to return to my story. As soon as Count S. Moukhanoff held in his hands the reins of the Warsaw Theatre, he desired to infuse new life in its veins. The old bureaucratic institution, though possessing several artists of the highest rank, able to compete in their lines with the foremost actors of the world, was going at a very slow pace.

Count Moukhanoff decided to leave the beaten track, and to look outside of the charmed circle in order to find some new talents. Mr. Checinski, the same gentleman who had seen my first appearance a few years before in Bochnia, happened to speak to him of me in favorable terms. His judgment

was confirmed by several gentlemen who had seen me on the Cracow stage, as well as by the opinion of the Galitzian press. A correspondence followed which terminated by an engagement of twelve performances on terms similar to those of a regular American Star engagement.

This innovation was not favorably received by the majority of the members of the Warsaw Theatre. It was against all rules, a break in the old time-honored system, and looked like a revolutionary attempt. A resolution was formed that *coûte que coûte* the innovation must be discredited, and the new comer must fail. On the day of my arrival at Warsaw there appeared in the leading paper of the city, the chief editor of which was the husband of the leading tragedienne of the theatre, a scathing article upon the arrogance of some incipient provincial actors or actresses, who dared to enter into open rivalry with the recognized favorites of the Metropolitan stage. The management was accused, though in covered words, of introducing a new policy, which might destroy the high standing of the theatre, etc.

This article was answered as a premature and unjustified attack by other papers. Its effect upon the public was not a bad one, as it only increased its interest in my appearance — but I confess that personally it affected me deeply and might have dampened my courage, had I not brought with me a great provision of it.

I regarded my first appearance in Warsaw as the decisive turning point in my career. I did not dream then of playing ever in foreign countries. Though speaking some French and German, I did not possess those tongues well enough to be able to perform in any of them, and our own language, though I think one of the richest and most beautiful in the world, is too much unknown, to be used on the stage outside of our own country. Therefore all my dramatic ambition was concentrated on our national stage, and as the Warsaw Theatre was the highest representative of dramatic art in Poland, a success before the Warsaw footlights was my highest dream and I was determined to realize it.

The welcome I was accorded by Mr. and Madam Moukhanoff, strengthened my energies. Finding people that expressed the same notion upon dramatic art which I treasured myself, I felt more at home. Besides them I found an old friend at Warsaw, Mr. J. S. Tasinski. He had been the

artistic director of the Cracow Theatre when I was engaged in it. He had also been the only instructor I ever had in my career. Though now retired from any active professional occupation, his authority as to theatrical matters was predominant and of course his interest was enlisted in the success of his former pupil.

When I came to my first rehearsal I was received by my professional brethren and sisters with great courtesy (Warsaw people are celebrated for their exquisite politeness all over Poland), but in a ceremonious and somewhat cold manner. The atmosphere was entirely different from the warm, congenial one of the Cracow Theatre, where we all were like members of one family. The play chosen was a French piece by A. Dumas, very popular at that time and according to my judgment, one of the best he had ever written. Its title is "Les idees de Madam Aubray." I was to play the character of Janine, a part sympathetic, simple, not exacting any display of great dramatic power, though containing very affecting moments. I felt safe in it, as much as one can be safe in anything.

When we began to rehearse, I acted my part as if we were before the public. I was excited by the importance of the occasion, and it seemed to me that several of the present actors or actresses were pleased with my acting, and even moved at moments to tears. I felt very happy after the rehearsal; two or three of them congratulated me, and assured me that if I played at the evening as I did at the rehearsal, I should win my cause.

The other members, however, after the rehearsal was over, gathered aside and held a prolonged conference, at the end of which the stage manager came to me and told me that it would be impossible to produce the play for my first night, as Mr. X. who was to take part in it, felt unwell and would be obliged to stop playing for some time. Mr. X. had been present at the rehearsal, and looked the picture of health. I was distressed. Some of the members present, those who had congratulated me, exclaimed, "This is a shame," but their voice was not listened to. The stage manager then asked me what part I would select instead of Janine for my first appearance. "Why would you not play Adrienne Lecouvreur? The company is ready in it, and there would not be any difficulty in the production."

Now Adrienne Lecouvreur was then considered to be one of the most difficult parts in the range of an actress. It had been played long before in Warsaw by Rachel, and many of the old actors, many among the public remembered her magnificent performance. Several of the leading tragic actresses of the Warsaw Theatre had attempted to play it afterward, but success did not crown their efforts. Adrienne Lecouvreur was included in the repertoire I had chosen for the engagement, but I had placed it last, desiring at first to gain the favor of the public in easier parts, and being afraid of appearing too presumptuous in playing it at the start.

The members of the Warsaw Theatre had only smiled contemptuously when they had learned of my ambition to play Adrienne, and they felt sure that I would not succeed where only Rachel had succeeded, and everyone else had failed.

I hesitated when the proposal was made so abruptly to me, I saw the snare but I determined to brave it, and I answered, "Yes."

I went straight from the theatre to Mr. J. S. Tasinski, my old friend, to seek advice and consolation. When I told him the story, he asked me who was present at the rehearsal. After my giving him the names, he said: "How could you be so inconsiderate as to act before them? But you must have done it well, if they have decided not to let you appear in Janine. Those same people look upon you as an intruder and have decided that you are to fail. Now when you rehearse next time, be careful, and don't show how you will perform the part at night."

I followed his advice. At the rehearsal of Adrienne, I only repeated my words in a commonplace manner, and indicated very superficially my stage business. The actors belonging to the cast of the piece were not so hostile to me, as those who were to play in Mme. Aubray; some of them thought I had been unfairly treated, but nevertheless they all were in an expectant mood.

A few days before my first appearance what was my astonishment when I saw that the bill of the theatre was Adrienne Lecouvreur with one of the leading actresses, Mme. P., in the title part.

The president had been obliged to leave Warsaw for a week, and the cabal had profited by his absence to prepare this scheme.

Adrienne had not been played for three or four years. But the lady above named was the wife of the editor who had written that anticipated condemnation of mine, and who through her connection with the press occupied an influential position in the company. She was never a great favorite with the public, though she was an actress of great experience. The object of this scheme was to take off the prestige of comparative novelty of the play. Besides, my informal rehearsals had led her to believe that the comparison would crush me in a most effective manner.

I went with my husband to her performance. After her first entrance, hardly had she uttered a few words, when my husband turned to me and asked: "Well, you are not afraid any more, are you?" "I am encouraged," I said, and I was so.

At last the great night came. All the house had been sold out. They were anxious to see how this young actress, yet unknown to fame, would accomplish a task that since the divine Rachel no other had successfully coped with. The premature polemic in the papers had excited public curiosity. Besides this, it was the first stroke of the theatrical policy of the new president. What will be its outcome? The Viceroy, Count Berg, an old, conservative, mummified dignitary, was not particularly favorable to Moukhanoff, and would have liked to see him make a failure. The official Russian society of course, followed the lead of the viceroy. The Polish society was equally interested, but from different motives. Marriages of actresses in so aristocratic families were rare events in Poland, where there exist yet a great many old notions and old prejudices. Moreover, when something of the kind happened before, the actress always left the stage. Why was it otherwise now? The husband of this new actress belonged to a very exclusive and strictly religious family. Why did he pursue a different course from others by allowing his wife to remain on the stage? Was he justified in doing so, as some claimed, by her exceptional talents, or did he act in defiance of the accepted ideas, and so on? Well, they all came there in numbers to see and to judge.

At the last moment before entering on the stage, I got one of the very strangest attacks of stage fright I ever experienced, and I think I should never have made the step that brought me from the wings before the footlights, had a friendly hand not pushed me from behind.

I received a very pleasant greeting from the courteous audience, though it was immediately hushed into silence by some more diffident spectators. And what a deep silence it was. You never notice such listening on this side of the ocean. Our audiences come to the theatre really to enjoy a performance, and therefore they listen and look in an almost reverent manner, so as not to lose one intonation, one delicate shading of the voice, nor one slight gesture, one passing expression of the face. After the first line I lost my fear, after a few of them I was in my part. Meantime the silence continued until I came to the fable of the pigeons. At its close, there burst in the theatre such a storm of applause, as I had never heard before, and only seldom afterward. A few moments later, at my first exit, the applause was repeated in the same manner. I was so overcome, that I could not hold myself on my feet, and fell on my knees behind the wings.

The first success gave me courage and inspiration. I played as one can only play for life or death. The public, once well disposed, showered upon me the favors of its encouragement. And then came the last act, which was as it is now, one of my most beloved scenes. When the curtain fell on poor dead Adrienne, the public did not want to leave the theatre. They called and called, and the curtain was raised time and again. But my greatest or at least the most high-priced triumph was reached when the actors who had played the parts of the Prince and of Michonnet, our great Zolkowski, the most perfect comedian I have ever seen, and Richter, only second to him, came and embraced me with tears in their eyes, greeting me as a sister in art. After them appeared in my dressing-room all the members of the company, those who had been friendly and those who had been hostile, and congratulated me in the most affectionate way.

The next day the president called on me to ask me to prolong my present appearances to twice their former number, and to propose me an engagement for life to the Imperial Theatre. The press, not excluding the Warsaw Gazet which had attacked me, praised me much above my deserts, and as to the society, well, during the following two or three days, it left at my door about 2,000 visiting cards (which I have kept for curiosity's sake) and I don't know how many invitations to receptions, dinners, balls, etc. — The battle was won.

HENRY GEORGE AND THE RUM POWER.

BY GEN. CLINTON B. FISK.

ONE finds it easy to agree with Mr. Henry George, when, speaking of the "rum power," he says: "It is an active, energetic, tireless factor in our practical politics, a corrupt and debauching element, standing in the way of all reform and progress, a potent agency by which unscrupulous men may lift themselves to power, and an influence which operates to lower public morality and official character."

An even more severe arraignment than this might be made within the limits of moderation. There is nothing so perilous to our political future as this same "rum power" in politics, which Mr. George thus forcibly condemns. But while we find it easy to join him in his condemnation of the perilous evil, it is impossible to agree with him in his plan of eradication. Briefly put, and in his own words, this plan consists in "doing away with all restrictions, from Federal tax to Municipal license, and permitting free trade in rum."

This plan Mr. George bases upon a claim that restrictive legislation brought the "rum power" into politics, and is responsible for its continuance therein. He is correct, beyond question, as to the genesis of the American whiskey ring; and no man will deny that the imperious entry of the liquor power into national politics began with the establishment of a war tax upon liquor. That war tax raised the price of whiskey, put whiskey producers and dealers beside the chairs of administration at Washington, enthroned them in congressional halls, and made of great statesmen suppliant servants to do their will for a generation. And it is painfully true, as Mr. George asserts, that "the tax on liquor remains a potent factor in national legislation"; but is that tax a restrictive measure? The tax may be imposed under a law which has restrictive features, but there is abundant evi-

dence to show that tax does not restrict. The close relationship between brewers and distillers and the federal government, began when such tax was originally imposed and has continued to the present time. It is a relation so intimate that high officials of the government attend the Brewers' Congress and state that the government desires to do for the great industry there represented all that its representatives wish done. This fact should convince everybody that the United States tax is not laid on for restrictive purposes, but "for revenue only."

With all due respect for Mr. George, and without wishing to impugn his candor, it must be said that he gravely misuses words, or mistakenly attaches wrong meaning thereto, when he charges upon *restrictive* legislation the presence of the rum power in politics to-day. The national whiskey tax was not primarily nor essentially restrictive at all. It was *permissive*, as every license law is and as every tax law must be. It restricted no man who could and would pay. By the law authorizing it, all manufacturers of liquor were and are compelled to pay tribute; but such tribute only asserts and proves the permissive quality of the law. Because all men could not or would not pay, when the tax was \$2 per gallon, there grew up a great liquor monopoly which flourished like a bay tree. Always, however, it has been the permissive, not the restrictive, feature of a tax or license law, which in and of itself, has wrought the mischief. I agree with Mr. George again, when he says that "to tax liquor is inevitably to call a rum power into politics"; but no less an authority than Senator John Sherman has declared that "when we tax liquor we license"; and I insist that it is the license, the permissive quality, in laws that may themselves be popularly called restrictive, which begets this rum power, fosters it, and is responsible for it.

Who were the men in the Sixties who corrupted Congress, debauched government, and held high carnival in Washington? The men who could and did pay the enormous whiskey tax, and who, feeding thus our hungry national necessities, fed and fattened themselves at public expense. Who are the men who perpetuate the rum power in politics? The men who secure license, who pay tax; not the men who receive no license and who pay no tax. It is the men *permitted* to engage in the liquor business who pack caucuses, run con-

ventions, nominate candidates and elect the winning ticket. Their permission may not always be legal, it may sometimes be grossly illegal, the flagrant connivance of party officials — as in the Maine cases cited by Mr. George — but it is permission all the same, not restriction, and it is the men *permitted* who wield the rum power in politics. A friend of mine was one night making a speech in Augusta, Maine, and asked his audience “how many places there were in that town where liquors were illicitly sold.” He was answered, “Forty-two.” “And do any of these forty-two illicit dealers vote the dominant party ticket?” he further asked. A pause followed and then the frank confession: “To the best of our knowledge and belief all but two of them always vote it.” These forty-two men, permitted by the connivance of shameless partisanship, with their colleagues in law-breaking at Bangor and Portland embody the rum power in politics of the State which they curse,—these few, allowed their will, not the many who by State law are absolutely compelled to obedience.

“Prohibition,” says Mr. George, “puts liquor-selling under the ban of the law.” Outside of Prohibition States the rum power in politics is not wielded by men under ban; inside of Prohibition States, if there be any such rum power, it is wielded by those from whom, for party gain, the ban of the law has been removed.

It is the more than 8,000 *licensed* saloon-keepers in the city of New York, with a score or two of *licensed* brewers, who control the politics of our Metropolis, and dictate terms every two or four years to the winning party. It is the more than 25,000 licensed liquor dealers of the Empire State who determine whether New York shall go Democratic or Republican. These men it is, in city and state—the men *not under ban*—who say that Warner Miller shall be beaten for Governor and Benjamin Harrison made President. The men under ban of Prohibition in Kansas or Iowa did not say this, nor achieve any such result. Where Prohibition bans men most completely, there you will find least evidence of a rum power in politics. There is no such power in Maine which can compare with that of Massachusetts, New Jersey, Ohio, or New York. New Hampshire has something of it, but so little that a known opponent of the liquor traffic has been one of her chosen senators for years. In Kansas

the political rum power made its final demonstration when Gov. Glick succeeded Gov. St. John, and no remnant of it is left there now worth mentioning. Iowa's chief politician has been many years a foe of the liquor traffic, and if in Iowa there is now a rum power which threatens the welfare of the State, it has grown up through the permissive attitude illegally taken by officials at Burlington, Des Moines, and Sioux City, who for local reasons pandered to "men under ban." Rhode Island may be cited only as a glaring instance of the continuance of rum power under Prohibition, and alternating victory over it, because of a permissive attitude, by the dominant party, more shameless than is shown by the records of any other State.

As is usual with the opposers of Prohibition, Mr. George declaims against it as a failure; but he is franker than some of his kind. "I have never lived in a Prohibition State," he tells us; and most of those who write down Prohibition have never even been in one, though they talk so glibly about the condition of things in Maine and Kansas. Dr. Dio Lewis, a very clever gentleman, once wrote a book entitled "Prohibition a Failure," before Kansas had Prohibition, and while Maine was the one State conspicuous for its test of Prohibitory law. He afterwards admitted that he had spent less than a week in the State, all told, and that in Bangor, Portland, and Augusta alone. Being asked if he thought this period of observation fitted him to judge as accurately of the facts as could Mr. Blaine, Senator Frye, Gov. Dingley, or others of life-long residence and familiarity, he conceded not. Being further asked what, then, he would do with their testimony that Prohibition in Maine was a success, he denied that such testimony had ever been given by them,—when it is known and read of all men who honestly read both sides. The testimony as to Kansas, made public the past year during Amendment Campaigns in Massachusetts and elsewhere, and given in by State and County officials of the most unimpeachable character, is so nearly universal, and so positive in terms, that anybody who weighs it with decent candor and then declares Prohibition a failure there, either advertises his prejudice, or betrays his lineage—from Ananias. I would not in the least discredit the incident narrated by Mr. George, of his visit to a prosecuting attorney's back room in Vermont and being there shown liquor and glasses,

with the remark that no law there prevents a man from taking liquor "if he sees it lying around," but it may not be improper to hint that, as concerning Prohibition everywhere, and by some who claim standing for veracity, there has been a good deal of "lying around."

Much of the aggregated erroneous statement disseminated so freely in public print, here and there, about the failure of Prohibition, is taken at second or third hand by the editors endorsing it, and is as void of truth, or of any responsible backer for it, as the wickedest canard of an exciting political campaign. Even the manner in which figures have been made to prevaricate, in the service of anti-Prohibition, should command admiration for effrontery, if not ingenuity. Mr. George himself, citing statistics to prove that Prohibition does not prohibit in Iowa, uses them in such a way as to carry an inference quite unwarranted. He says that 2,758 retail liquor dealers paid license taxes in that State, last year; and the impression conveyed by this statement, and evidently meant to be conveyed by similar statements concerning other Prohibition States, by men less fair than Mr. George, is that these places are licensed by State and local authority, in contravention of the law on the statute books, and that they afford indisputable proof of the powerlessness of the law or of any authority to enforce the law. Whereas it should be clearly understood that the taxes paid by those 2,758 retail liquor dealers were paid to the Federal government by men secretly or openly defying State law or selling as druggists in conformity therewith; that their payment does not signify uninterrupted pursuit of unlawful business or long continuance in it, but proves beyond a peradventure the power of national government over men willing to defy local authority or able to corrupt it. The claim that more licenses are granted to-day in Maine and Kansas, than were known there before Prohibition, is borne broadcast over this country, by papers which have honorable names at their editorial head, when not a license has for years been granted in either State, when the last brewery has departed from each, and when most of the men willing to pay a United States tax for sake of possible gain as law breakers, and finding a Federal government wicked enough to become their partners, have gone behind State prison bars or otherwise out of business.

Mr. George contends that "the great agencies in the

formation of the drinking habit are social entertainment, the custom of treating, and the enticements of the saloon." He believes that "with liquor so cheap as it would be if there were no tax or restriction on its manufacture and sale, the treating habit would certainly be largely weakened," and that, "were liquor as cheap as it would be were all taxes on it removed, and everyone free to sell it, it might be sold in every hotel, boarding or lodging-house, in every restaurant, druggist's, bakery, confectionery, dry-goods store or peanut-stand, but places specially devoted to its sale could not be paved with silver dollars, ornamented with costly paintings, set fine free lunches, nor provide free concerts, even if indeed they could continue to exist." But suppose no "silver dollar" saloon Smith or Hoffman house bar-keeper came into fortune, and yet a whole people were debauched. Mr. George thinks they would not be; he even asserts that if liquor were sold "at the prices which free competition would compel, it would not pay to let men drink themselves into intoxication or semi-intoxication, or in any way to provoke or encourage the drinking habit." But over against this rather amazing assertion of his stand a crushing array of facts, and the resistless logic of appetite. Time was when liquor flowed as freely in London as Mr. George would now have it here; when one who wrote of it said: "We drink as if we were born with tunnels in our mouths; we absorb liquor as if we were a nation of sponges." The cheapness of intoxicants has never been paralleled since, neither has their use. "Drunk for a penny; dead drunk for two-pence; clean straw for nothing," was a sign common then on London streets. Did this dreadful state of things come about by reason of "social entertainment, the custom of treating, and the enticements of the saloon"? Scarcely the latter, we may believe; and if cheap liquor does away with treating, as Mr. George contends, then treating could not have been strongly influential at that time. The conclusion is irresistible, that what made London then a city of sots was but the abundance of liquor, to be had almost for the asking, and the cumulative desire of human appetite when corrupted by the poisonous cup.

This condition was not changed by making it possible for men to get drunk for a farthing. It had grown out of the lavish supply of liquor; it could be cured only by arbi-

trary curtailment of liquor. Prohibition followed, through imperial decree, and so nearly total as to demonstrate its marked effect all over England. The power of government was behind it, set for its rigorous application. And during the period when such a degree of Prohibition was so largely enforced, England rallied from her debauchery; the reign of liquor ceased; sobriety became no longer the exception, but the rule.

Mr. George frankly admits that "the abolition of all taxes on the manufacture and sale of liquor would increase the consumption of liquor," but believes this increase would be only or chiefly in the arts and for domestic purposes. Make liquor cheaper, is his constant refrain, and you will lessen intemperance. In other words, people do not care much to consume what costs them little in the opinion of Mr. George. For answer to this we need only cite the cheap-wine countries of Europe, and the nearer illustrations which California affords. The drink curse has been spreading over Switzerland and Germany, under conditions of cheap liquor supply, until the government of each country has found it necessary to put forth some effort to arrest it. Practically free liquor is corrupting both countries, and wofully besotting the Swiss. Sweden went down most deeply into national degradation through drink, when liquor was cheapest there. There is no other State in this Union where cheap liquors are so abundant as in California; there is where drunkenness more abounds, or where the rum power in politics has more absolute control. Low-cost wines are the common beverage in those parts of Europe and California where drunkenness is disgracefully prevalent.

Until Mr. George can rewrite history, and annul the laws of human appetite, it is idle for him to claim that cheap liquor supply will reduce intemperance. He is either unfamiliar with or forgetful of the steps which temperance reform has taken, in America and Great Britain. Out of cheap liquor conditions, with little or no license fee or tax, sprang the Washingtonian movement in this country, and the earlier need of it. When beer was but a penny a gallon, or less, in England, there were more English toppers than now. When Mr. George quotes Adam Smith and his *Wealth of Nations*, to support his theory of a sober people as the result of cheap wines, we need only put against this authority the word of

Dr. John G. Holland, who went to cheap-wine Europe a believer with Mr. George and came back a Prohibitionist, and the fact that Berlin, consuming more cheap wines than any other city of her size on the Continent, also consumes more distilled liquors *per capita* than any other; and while under the iron hand of military rule debauchery is hidden from public gaze, competent witnesses testify that it festers there with growing virulence and foetid effect.

Mr. George admits that liquor is less frequently a feature of social entertainment in private houses, where Prohibition laws prevail, than where they do not; but this fact he credits to "stronger moral sentiment against liquor drinking," to which he attributes Prohibition. It is the sentiment which rules, he insists, and not the statute. He even boldly asserts that "no man disposed to drink, or to set drink before others, in private, refrains from doing so because of any statute law." But is it sentiment only which prevents him when the law's enforcement makes the doing impossible? Is not sentiment often born of law? And are all men in spirit such law-breakers as Mr. George would have us believe? Two years after Kansas adopted Prohibition there was enough anti-Prohibition sentiment in that State to overthrow the Prohibition leaders and seat a rum Governor; and if the reform had not been anchored deep in constitutional bed-rock even that might have gone over in ten years more. But Mr. Glick went out, in turn; Mr. Martin, who had formerly opposed Prohibition, was elected Governor as its friend, and he and the present executive, Gov. Humphreys, are on record as the strongest possible supporters of the law and policy. Kansas carried Prohibition by about 7,000 majority only; Gov. Humphreys has officially testified his belief that were the popular vote to be taken again upon it the majority would exceed 100,000. Thus the sentiment has grown in that State. Why should we not credit such growth of sentiment to the law?

Mr. George may, perhaps, ask why law did not better educate or develop sentiment in Rhode Island, while Prohibition held there; yet I do not think he will. He knows well how the law was shamelessly annulled, in Providence, at least, by the officials who would not enforce it, and how its possibilities for creating sentiment were checked. If Kansas had permitted a similar state of things, the result might have

been the same there. But a Kansas judge, appointed by the liquor Governor because he had been liquor-dealers' attorney, respected his solemn oath, refused to do the dirty work for which he was put on the bench, and gave lawbreakers their meed of punishment. Had like honesty and firmness ruled in Rhode Island, rum would not be ruler there to-day. The great rum power of that little commonwealth is the direct result of want on license, in hostility to law, not of the law's restrictions.

Mr. George does not believe that the political power growing out of the liquor business will be diminished by High License, in Philadelphia, where he thinks High License has produced its most conspicuous results. He does believe "that the pecuniary interests involved in the traffic will enter into the nomination and election of judges," and this fact, he assumes, will there perpetuate the political power. Mr. George errs as to his Philadelphia citation precisely as do others who, unlike him, defend High License. Whatever good has come to the Temperance cause by the Brooks Law, operative in Philadelphia, has come in spite of High License, not through it. It is the permissive feature of that law which will one day work the harm Mr. George fears. The restrictive side of it will yield all the good that law can achieve. This restrictive side would yield as much good if low license constituted the permissive feature. Put the license power into the hands of one man, or three men; grant that any conditions of license make probable a monopoly under them; and you expose the man or the men to besetment of bribers and possible corruption — you offer a bid for official malfeasance.

"By abolishing liquor taxes and license we may drive the rum power out of politics," reiterates Mr. George. *But is that power so much worse in politics than in society that we are willing to drive it from the one and fix it forever in the other?*

Will not that power be in politics if it remain in society? Are not our social and political life so welded that corruption of any sort will surely taint both? How is the rum power wielded, and by whom? What effect would the freest liquor have, now, upon the American saloon which it did not have two hundred years ago or less upon the English ale-house? Has not the saloon so fastened itself within our social and political fabric that even free trade in rum, and the competi-

tion of merchants, shop-keepers, *et al.*, would fail to dislodge it? Has not the saloon business grown so disreputable that public sentiment would forbid liquor selling in places of miscellaneous visitation? Is it conceivable, with the electric light now flooding our generation, and after the magnificent strides of temperance principle which have been made, that free-trade in liquor can be re-established over any wide region of this country?

These are questions that should make a patriot pause, before giving serious welcome to the sophistries of Mr. George. The patriot must see that political corruption comes through drink, as well as through any system regulating the drink; that if you remove restrictions altogether, and let the drink abide, you will not cut this cancer out. The rum power in politics is wielded largely through the drinker's love for rum. Make liquor as cheap now as rum was in New England seventy-five years ago, and the penniless fellows who sell their suffrage for a few drinks of it, every election, would indulge the same traffic, perpetuate the same unwholesome curse. The saloons have their grip on these men; and the politicians have their grip on the saloons. So long as liquor is sold under law, so long as it is made for beverage sale at all, saloons are necessary to political success, because—to their shame be it said,—there are so many men of high standing and large influence who do not scruple to gain aggrandizement through the weakness of other men. For the rum power in politics, to-day, not even the rum seller nor the rum drinker—not even the permissive feature of a license law itself—is wholly to blame. The higher manhood, that should exalt citizenship and uplift the State, must shoulder large responsibility for what it has done and omitted to do. That higher manhood has used the saloon for basest purposes; and for the sin of political corruption through the saloon it must answer in solemn judgment.

When the lowest drinking classes of New York City are necessary to settle a national contest at the polls; when they can be secured through beer-sellers, whether licensed or unlicensed it matters not; and when party statesmanship does not scruple to secure them that way; we have come as near the free-liquor condition Mr. George courts as we shall ever get, and have demonstrated that free liquor is as corrupt as liquor bonds. We have demonstrated, likewise, a more

important fact, *viz.*, that liquor corruption cannot be ended in this country by any method which puts the sentiment, the law, of one State, of one section, at the mercy of a National party's need. It follows, logically, that when a party must have liquor votes in New York, or yield power at Washington, it will deal gently with liquor men in Des Moines; that with liquor men threatening to leave it, in Ohio, it will yield them what they wish there and in Rhode Island.

The liquor traffic is a great national entity. It will exist as such, though we ban every bar in three-fourths of the States, and leave untouched a system in the remainder which perpetuates that traffic. The rum power in politics is a huge devil-fish, whose body is at Washington, and whose slimy tentacles reach clear across the land. Cut them off, one by one, in Kansas, Iowa, and the Dakotas, and yet the octopus will live, so long as our national policy says he may and should. That national policy is tax, license, permission, protection. Change it to anything less than total Prohibition, after all that has gone before, and the monster will not be removed.

"Intemperance is abnormal," says Mr. George. True. "It is the vice of those who are starved and those who are gorged." True again. But what about the great middle class, who are daily recruiting the army of starving tramps? It is their vice, too, and their awful curse. To urge that intemperance is the result of poverty is less candid, or less wise, than we have a right to expect Henry George should be. "Progress and Poverty" — liquor forbids the one and compels the other. Make liquor as cheap and free to-day as Mr. George would have everything; give him the Free Trade splendors of which he so freely dreams, — divide, if you please, the heritage of this world's wealth alike between the poor and the rich who hold it now, — and in twenty years there will be again rich and poor, millionaire and pauper, for there will be then, as now, sober man and sot. They who clamor for better social conditions, for a more equitable division of wealth, for the purification of politics, and support any liquor system whatever, must be blinded by prejudice, or led mental prisoners by their appetite. All the teachings of political economy make against the liquor traffic as a waste of wealth, a pirate of morals, and a foe to human welfare.

There is no tax, among all the taxation so bitterly com-

plained of by Mr. George, so unjust, so ruinous, so fatal to society, as the tax levied on legitimate industries by the liquor traffic. Taxed, itself, or free, it compels a tribute no man or nation can pay without vital loss. Free trade in liquor means free trade in heart's blood and in the hopes of home; free trade in manhood and in the sons of men; free trade in the noblest attributes that make a people great,—no, not free trade, and fair, but the piracy of unchristian buccaneers. To this, I feel sure, Christian America will never return. May God forbid, and may the stout American conscience echo His mandate, until it finds embodiment in National law, supported by a National policy of Prohibition, upheld by men whom the rum power in politics cannot control, and who shall so administer righteousness, that this rum power shall forever cease.

“Behold the dawn light up the East,
The morning stars with gladness glisten.
God's better day,
Sweeps thro' the gray —
Lean out your souls and listen.
Our waiting may be sore and long,
But Right shall sing her Victor Song.”

THE IMMORAL INFLUENCE OF WOMEN IN LITERATURE.

H. H. GARDENER.

I WAS much entertained recently by a conversation between a well-known Magazine editor and a lady who is the author of several successful books, which belong more in the field of history and science than in that of fiction.

He asked her to account for the tendency of her sex, at the present time, to write articles and novels that were more or less "off color," and insisted that she must agree with him that "that sort of thing had no place in literature;" and that above all, good women ought not to like it, much less produce it. "And," he added, "we cannot deny that some of these writers of erotic literature *are* good women personally." Her reply was:—

"What is literature? Who makes it? Who is to say what has a place therein and what has not? You tell us what 'good women' ought to think and do. I have sometimes wondered if a good woman might not be safely left to judge of those points herself. Have you ever thought of that? Did it ever occur to your mind, as you have read a 'review' of some 'good woman's' book, by a critic whose morals you know to be too far below par to have even a quotation on the market? The advice he gives to 'good women' how to keep good and thereby retain their charm for him, the holy horror with which he turns his eyes to heaven and tells them what they should not think, or write, because, forsooth, it is not 'moral,' is truly edifying, don't you think so? Literature is only half made yet."

From man's point of view, it has flourished, or degenerated from the first stroke of the pen to the last revolution of the printing press.

What has or has not a place therein, the basis, the personnel, so to speak, of what is called literature is, up to the

present time, strictly masculine. But remember that men are only one splendid part of the race, in spite of Mr. Grant Allen's amusing bit of egotism, they are not the whole of it.

How quickly Mr. Allen would discover this fact if his argument were applied to the lower animals.

Are the sires the "whole of the equine race"?

Among the "gentle kine" is the lordly male beast or the plodding ox the "whole race"? Is he even the most useful and important part of it? Are the cows simply created to do him homage?

Among the birds when the cock struts the walk is the whole of the race there? Is there no explanation of the hens—no meaning in their existence—except as a sort of incident in his great career?

If Mr. Grant Allen's article were not so ridiculous it might create indignation.

But to return to literature. Suppose we do get a glimpse now and then into woman's ideas of what shall or shall not find a place therein, is it not as well to accept it as the revelation of the mental life of a part of humanity and not simply try to frighten or drive her from the field, because it is not the way life looks to men?

There are certain standards of crime, of vice, of wrong; there are phases of justice, truth, beauty, virtue, and love which men have found sufficient interest in (or have been able to see clearly enough) to portray in fiction or poetry, or the drama.

They have run the whole gamut of the emotions, with varying degrees of success, from their point of view. There is another outlook. Much of life means one thing to men—quite another to women.

Literature has yet to picture life from her standpoint. So far even the woman character in fiction is what men fancy she is or ought to be.

Her life, her emotions, her desires, her joys and sorrows, her hopes and fears, her opinions and ambitions, have the color and basis of thought which is strictly masculine in conception and execution. That was all well enough perhaps before woman was educated, before freedom to act and think for herself was accorded her; but to-day it is hollow, false, and unreal.

Everything is changed. Women are beginning to look out

upon the world with their own eyes. They are examining facts and theories.

Can you not see that it is quite possible that they may present a different set of vices and virtues? Or, at least, view those we recognize in a new light? A clever writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* recently said, in speaking of the established tone of morals in literature:—

“A man might have a lively sense of ‘sin’ in connection with some purely ceremonial matter, and very little sense of wrongdoing in connection with the most grievous offenses against his fellow-man. In obedience to the ‘code of honor,’ men who regarded themselves as pillars of Church and State would prepare to commit deliberate murder; while they would always consider a gambling debt as vastly more sacred than one incurred for food or clothing. The ‘Christian’ nations have found enormous quantities of ‘sin’ in heresy, and very little indeed in mutual bloodshed on the most appalling scale. Pious monarchs have appeased their consciences by persecuting the Jews, and pious folk generally by hunting witches. According to popular opinion in our own day, the divine anger is much more quickly kindled by the parody of a religious rite than by the most hideous villainy perpetrated by a man upon his neighbor. Every now and again there is a story in the papers about some boy or man struck blind or dumb for blasphemy, or of the personal appearance of the devil among some group of revelers engaged in profanely mocking a religious ceremony! So various have been the aspects in which ‘sin’ has presented itself, and so little relation has it seemed to bear in any of its best recognized forms with practical morality, that it is not to be wondered at if scientific men show some impatience with so vague and unsatisfactory a conception, and prefer to consider all conduct simply in its bearing on intelligible human interests.”

Now if scientific men are beginning to view the work of their brothers from a new point of view, is it remarkable that women may also have glimpses of other conditions—especially in matters which closely relate to themselves? It is not strange that this should be a surprise to men, who have always supposed that they knew far more about women, than women knew about themselves; but don't you think it rather a cowardly thing to try to force them to see through your glasses only?

There will, no doubt, be thoughts put in books—in literature—that have never been put there before.

Some of the old things will be told from a side usually well concealed or possibly never dreamed of; but if literature is a portraiture of life, has not the half of life as viewed from beneath a pretty bonnet, as good a right to a frank and unterrified hearing as the half that looks from under a silk hat? Is it not as important to a true literature? Is it possible to build anything worthy the name without it?

I have been thinking of these questions and they have impressed me as not wholly impertinent. I remember that for women to write at all was looked upon as immodest only a little while ago.

Harriet Martineau underwent a fierce fire of criticism because of this firmly fixed tenet, while Jane Austin was compelled by her family to keep a piece of white sewing large enough to cover all signs of manuscript, pen or ink from the sight of any chance visitor, who was thus to be made believe that she had been engaged in a ladylike and modest occupation. Mrs. Stowe was sharply admonished to keep off the masculine preserve and, above all, to use a little more judgment in her choice of subjects, if she must attempt man's work. The topic of slavery, the critics said, was wholly outside the pale of decent literature and unfit for delicate nerves and sensitive morals. And so Mrs. Stowe was very frequently reminded that she would better keep to her white sewing.

Even Elizabeth Barrett Browning was brought to book, after her death, by a gentleman by the name of Fitzgerald (who no doubt looked upon men as the whole of the race) in such a contemptuous way that Robert Browning was stung into a fierce defense of his wife, that astonished everyone by its form and force.

One of our own chivalrous writers in commenting upon it takes Mr. Browning to task for his unnecessary irritation. He says: "What Fitzgerald really wrote was not as bad as Browning would make it, and is calculated to irritate the strong-minded female even more than the poet."

He does not state whether the "female" referred to is a hen or a cow, but from the tone used we infer that she is certainly not of a higher grade than the latter.

Browning's letter to the man who had insulted his wife's memory was a bitter one, but it does not seem to me that it would require a "strong-minded female" to understand his

indignation. This is the letter which appears in the *Athenæum*:

TO EDWARD FITZGERALD.

I chanced upon a new book yesterday.
I opened it and where my finger lay,
"Twixt page, and uncut page, these words I read:
Some six or seven at most, and learned thereby
That you, Fitzgerald, whom by ear and eye
She never knew, thanked God my wife was dead.
Aye dead! and were yourself alive, good Fitz,
How to return your thanks would task my wits.
Kicking you seems the common lot of curs,
While more appropriate greeting lends you grace.
Surely to spit these glorifies your face.
Spitting from lips once sanctified by hers.

ROBERT BROWNING.

And this the criticism which called it out, and at which our American critic thinks Mr. Browning took unnecessary offense:

"Mrs. Browning's death is rather a relief to me I must say. No more Aurora Leighs, thank God! A woman of real genius, I know, but what is the upshot of it all? She and her sex had better mind the kitchen and their children, and perhaps the poor. Except in such things as little novels, they only devote themselves to what men do much better, leaving that which men do worse or not at all."

It would seem that a person of "real genius" might be left to decide for herself, to what she would devote her gifts. And since Mrs. Browning's niche in literature is undeniably above that occupied by her critic, if his judgment of the place to be filled by those who do less well than others, be applied to himself, the culinary department would be enriched at the expense of literature—and Mr. Fitzgerald. It is a poor double-edged sword that does not cut both ways.

But is not this sort of bullying almost outgrown? Are there many men left who are so afraid of mental competition on equal terms with women that they must insist upon looking upon themselves as "infant industries" in need of protection against the feminine brain product? Is their only hope in the total suppression of the competitor?

But the question seems to have shifted recently from the one, Is it modest for woman to write at all? to What shall

she be permitted to say? The infallible critic is as sure he is right in the last stand he has taken as were his blood relations that women had no business to write anything. It was immodest and unwomanly for Mrs. Browning and Jane Austin to write at all — but they might sew or wash dishes and keep the respect and chivalrous devotion of men.

It is equally unchaste and indelicate for their successors to write what they think of life and its problems — but they may reflect ready-made masculine opinions about it and welcome. This seems to be about the position at the present moment. While one critic bemoans the materialistic writings of the women who discuss theology, and grows nervous over "our women who write on social questions which have no place in fiction and are viewed from the morbid outlook women have on these matters," another predicts the utter degradation of literature if these rising aspirants are "permitted to strike out new paths in realism from this perverted feminine outlook."

Another writes of "the cloven hoof under petticoats," and in criticising a book which had grave literary faults, devotes most of his article to strictures on what *he* read between the lines and which the author herself never dreamed of.

It cannot be denied, that the canons of literature have, so far, been laid down on strictly masculine lines. I do not forget that since women became readers of books the forms of expression have changed to be "fit reading for the family," and that since they became writers there have been other modifications on the surface; but the *basis* of its morals, its standard of action and its motive, have remained masculine in conception and requirement. What shall and what shall not be discussed, therefore; how the topics may be handled *and for what purposes*, have been established — as have the laws of marriage and divorce — without having first consulted both of the interested parties to discover if the arrangement was as satisfactory from the *one* side as from the other. This is a somewhat lopsided way of making a contract or building a literature it must be confessed, and if women are showing a disposition to go behind the returns it can hardly be looked upon as strange nor as wholly vicious.

Abraham Lincoln said, "No man is good enough to govern another man without that other man's consent."

And it can as truly be said that no body of men is good

or wise enough to build what should be dignified as the literature of a race, so long as but one half of that race has ever expressed itself freely and openly in that literature.

May it not be true that what is called the "erotic" or immoral tendency of many of the women writers is simply the presentation of new problems in fiction or the handling of old ones with a new freedom and from a woman's point of view?

May it not be possible that they have simply ventured to portray passion and pleasure, virtue and vice, or joy and sorrow from an outlook considered by men either non-existent or unmentionable from the established male critics' position?

Then this question also arises, Is the professional critic of the old school — the established order — so shocked because he is modest or because he is vulnerable?

Because he is asked to contemplate vice more freely or because he is invited to view it from a mental outlook which is new to him and therefore startling — and possibly uncomfortable, as well? Indeed, one of our ablest editors wrote recently a brief editorial which appears to indicate something of this nature. He also enlists under the banner of those modest souls who not only know enough — but feel themselves good enough — (in spite of Mr. Lincoln) to decide upon their own career and at the same time map out suitable ones for the majority of the women of the world. He flings out the dish-towel flag but exempts one lady who has been warmly eulogistic of men.

He says:—

"In these days, when so many women who ought to be washing dishes are giving vent to their crude conceptions in what are known as erotico-pessimistic novels, it is pleasing to read the following words: 'I write of men as I find them — loyal, noble, and brave, with a chivalrous reverence for true womanhood, and who hold that purity in woman is the rose-bloom that jewels her existence.' Here is a literary dewdrop which sparkles in a field of dank and noisome weeds. The male sex owes a debt of gratitude to her. She ought to have a chaplet of roses from the men about town."

Evidently it depends wholly on what women write of men whether their "sphere" is in the kitchen or in literature.

"If she writes what we like about ourselves, she is a

literary dewdrop. If she does not she has crude conceptions, is erotic and pessimistic and should therefore be washing dishes."

Is not this rather pleading the baby act?

Is it altogether a brave or dignified position?

Suppose the order were reversed? Suppose every man who wrote what some woman did not like, was at once pronounced out of his sphere — fit only to chop wood, crude, erotic, and pessimistic. Literature as well as the daily press is filled with expressions which are deeply offensive to many women. Most of them are so entirely the habitual outlook of men that they are written quite without consciousness of offering an indignity. Is the remedy to suppress the writers, or to correct their errors by printing these same topics from the woman's side? Should Mr. Grant Allen and Mr. Fitzgerald *et al.*, be condemned to chop wood henceforth or be politely requested to take a peep at life from Mrs. Browning's point of view and thereby reduce their bump of self-esteem to normal proportions? Would it not be well to have a little reciprocity? It is the habitual form of expression that women have a weak sense of justice. This is one of the "stock properties" of "Literature." Is there not danger of stripping the fig leaf from the assumption that this great quality is masculine? May not some woman call attention to it? Might she not hint (not being a dewdrop) that justice is kept by men for use between themselves and that the supply appears to run out before they begin to deal with women?

The loves of the sexes, the fireside virtues, have been thoroughly exploited, it is true, as they appear to the owner of the silk hat and eye-glass; we are not unfamiliar with their likeness as viewed by the proprietor of smoking cap and slippers; even the sturdy wearer of duck overalls and brogans has contributed to make literature what it is.

Both idealism and realism have grown familiar to us from their points of view; but all the infinite brood has worked on the old lines, has dealt with life and its measureless possibilities from man's outlook. They have used standards of virtue and estimates of vice which grow or diminish according, not as the act itself presents it, but according to the sex of the actor, or the person under discussion. All of life means man's life — with woman as one of the incidents. Or as one

of our humorists states it: "Women are entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of *men*." That is the full summing up of the general outlook of what is now called literature.

Love, loyalty, passion, marriage, honor, chastity, truth, ambition, success, happiness—all the limitless springs of action or of human emotion—have come to us clad in the varying garments of individual genius or incapacity; but always and ever upon the *basis* of thought, weighed and measured by the standards of man's opinion and judgment of what they are or should be to gratify him as the final appeal of all things—the end and aim of creation.

There is another standard. Only half of the canons of literature can possibly be laid down under this method. Only half have been created. Surely men should not object to the free and full development of the other half. Suppression is the resort of cowards and surely the bravery of the human race was concentrated in men—at least so literature would lead us to believe.

There appears to be a line of thought, a point of view which is struggling to make itself felt and seen just now, and women seem to be the most active writers therein. If life moves within them as has not been expected or understood (and woman has been called "the great and unsolvable mystery"), surely it were better to let her solve the riddle man confesses he has given up. If her view of life and its needs have been knowingly suppressed, is it brave to strive to perpetuate the fraud? If it has been misunderstood is it not the part of ignorant bigots to refuse to hear her story from herself?

We may admit that it is not a pleasing story or that it is ill told—but we should keep in mind that the time has come when "we" has a wider significance than it ever had before. It no longer means "I" in the marriage service nor in a deed of trust and is fast losing that import in business and politics.

Let us question the meaning of the new story, let us agree that it is often faulty in style and defective in execution; but do not let us forget that it *has* a meaning and a reason for its existence, and that one half of the race has yet to give its real thought to literature. It is conceivable that the canons may be modified womanward in the future, as they have been scienceward in the past. When the real thought

of the educated women of the new era shall have become formulated, literature may present life from an outlook that will greatly astonish those who have believed that there is but one opinion, but one person, but one thinker, but one observer, but one lover, but one sufferer — but one *human being*, in short — in a race which is composed of two sexes.

It is one of the curious studies in life that the very men who so strenuously insist that men and women are wholly unlike, mentally, morally, and physically, and that their "spheres" are entirely and forever different; it is one of the strange studies in life to observe that it is these very men who insist that one of those halves is fully able to represent the other in all things, with understanding and impartiality, better than it can represent itself.

He knows and can depict her emotions and needs, far better even in literature than she can do it.

"These young women have no clothes. They stand as nude as a plaster cast of Venus and pose before a pitying world," writes one critic.

"There are some things in life best left veiled," says another. Very true. But who is to say just which these things are? When Dickens wrote about Do-the-boys Hall, there were a number of people who were quite sure that he had touched upon the unmentionable topic. They had no doubt of it when Thackeray astonished them with Becky Sharp.

"If such things exist we do not want to know it, and above all, we do not want them put in a shape to reach our wives and daughters."

People who think to order are always terrified about "our wives and daughters" reading this or that.

Tolstoi in Russia, Ibsen in Norway, Hugo in France, Bret Harte in America, in short, every writer who strikes out a new line in any country has had to meet this two-penny logic. But all the brotherhood have had it to meet only in so far as their point of view was different in angle from that of their brothers.

Women have to meet criticism on a new and different plane altogether, and at the same time overcome the difference in perspective and coloring which is due to a difference in sex.

"It is impossible to portray in literature the relations of the sexes except on the old lines," writes a third critic. The

old lines being those laid down by one-half of the race without first taking the trouble to consult (and confessedly not understanding) the other half. You may discuss social questions from our outlook provided you arrive at our conclusions; is what the whole matter amounts to in plain English.

That worked pretty well in 1389, no doubt, but in 1889 it creates a smile — and opposition. Is it not just conceivable that the new pictures of life are not more nude, but that the lack of drapery is simply noticed from a changed position — under a new light — and for the first time by those who thought themselves covered because their eyes were turned another way?

"There are things modesty forbids you to tell," says a recent critic to Mona Caird and Olive Schreiner. Does it not strike the ear with a strange sound that such women as these must be taught modesty — by men?

"They are breaking down the safeguards of society," wails another. Good, pure, devoted women are to be taught virtue, then, and warned lest they trample it under foot to the consternation and detriment of their brothers! It is quite conceivable that virtue, used in the restricted sense intended by Miss Schreiner's critic, may come to be adjusted on new lines. It is in the air that it may cease to have sex limitations; but surely no one fears that a lowering of the standard is likely to proceed from above.

That a readjustment may originate there is not impossible.

That vice cannot be wedded to virtue on equal terms — or on terms which gives vice full control — is also conceivable.

As a prelude to the changed order of things some real comprehension of the conditions as they now exist (or as they appear to thinking women) may be looked upon by them as necessary.

By all means let us hear what women have to say of life — how it looks to them — and why it looks that way.

If they are wrong, if their vision is not clear, if they are gazing upon hobgoblins and not upon real conditions, the sooner it is known the better. But to try to suppress or drive them from the field, to attempt to make the whole human race see through masculine glasses and then tell just so much of what is seen as the average of his sex thinks fit or comprehends, is a hopeless task.

If it were to be done, the education of girls should have been kept at the point where modern Literature found it. Keen wits, trained minds, and, above all, financial independence will not be ticketed and set away in rows to be taken down when wanted.

Priscilla, the Christian prude, has given way to Minerva, the pagan thinker. Mere receptivity is out of fashion. In certain places it continues to pretend — because it is still often a pauper and paupers are not noted for bravery or frankness. But woman's hour has struck, and although she may do it ill for some time yet to come, she will act, and talk, and write *her* views of life, and in time literature will become a real reflex of the thought of the world.

The subjects which have been pronounced out of place in or unfit for literature, would cover as wide a field as literature itself. I very much doubt if one single topic would be left to tell the tale.

All theologians are absolutely sure that theology has no place therein — except alone their side of it.

Romance writers are certain that Realism is "mere reportorial work — fit only for newspapers." The slave-holders said that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was anything but a novel and stamped its author as an ignorant meddler with questions she did not understand and which had no place in fiction anyway.

The "Luck of Roaring Camp" was returned to Bret Harte as "unfit for publication," and yet there are those who venture to think that when the sensitive souls who guarded so tenderly the morals of their readers shall have been forgotten even by their own descendants, the poor little "Luck" will find its way to the hearts of men.

"The woes of the laboring classes do not belong in magazine stories," says an editor. "Devote your pen to the sorrows of the poor if you would use it worthily," says another.

"In handling social questions do not tread on anybody's toes if you hope to be a popular writer," remarks a third. "And do not allow your tale to end sadly. The aim of all true fiction is to entertain — to leave the reader in a happy frame of mind."

Yet if this is true Hugo missed his calling and Shakespeare was in need of a few lessons before he gave the heart-

break of Lear to the world. In short, would it not be well to recognize that we are not all of the same intellectual pattern, either as to size, shape or quality — and may we not be doing more harm to the cause of a literature which shall be worthy of the name by our limitations and restrictions, than could possibly be done by “the daring young women who degrade it”? We must keep in mind that “Jane Eyre” was pronounced too immoral to be ranked as decent literature at all, when its author offered it to the world as her thoughts on a certain vexed social question.

Many persons who are not old can recall that “Adam Bede” was tabooed as the “vile outpourings of a lewd woman’s mind,” when it was published. “Aurora Leigh” was written down as the “hysterical indecencies of an erotic mind.” Just the other day a leading paper reviewed “The Story of an African Farm” as “this new piece of feminine filth,” and its pure-minded, high-souled writer was treated to a lecture upon morals which might have been well suited to the inmates of the disreputable house where the criticism is said to have been written. The critic spoke most feelingly of “what it is decent for our young women to know and think!”

The trouble seems to be that woman writers are apt to put more or less truth into fiction; but facts about life are thought not desirable in literature by a certain type of critic, although the acts described are quite proper in real life.

The morals of the stage were to be lowered and women to be made vicious and unwomanly when it was first suggested that such characters as Juliet might better be presented by a young girl than by a well bearded man.

The stage bore the change. So did the actress.

Colleges and homes were to be broken up when girls were first allowed to enter those highly moral portals on an equal footing with their brothers.

The colleges still stand and the feminine A. B. appears to respect her home life almost as much as her brother.

Medicine and theology were to be degraded by her entrance and she was to be murdered on her way to visit her first patient or coming home from her pastoral visits.

She has not yet called out the militia.

Above all it was beyond question when she entered law that she would demoralize the profession, be hissed in the court room, and forever shunned in society.

Instead, the report comes that "the order was never so good in the court room. The place was cleaner and far less obscenity was indulged in than is usual in conducting such a case. The judge complimented her upon her strong presentation of the case."

Now, since the stage, the college, and the medical, theological, and legal professions have borne up moderately well under the infliction, and since woman herself has maintained the dignity of her sex, does it not seem just possible that there is no need of a panic on the part of the guardians of the morals of literature if she says her say frankly therein? And since she has been able to keep herself almost as pure and upright as her brother, in all these other cases where dire disaster was predicted by him, it is suggested that a nervous spasm is unnecessary in this case also.

It seems to me that we need not be distressed lest "our girls" will be demoralized by what their sisters write. No one was ever yet made pure by ignorance. And women are not as a rule made "immoral" by other women. We must remember that in spite of the "orthodox" critics of their day, Jane Austen, Harriet Martineau, George Eliot, Charlotte Bronte, Mrs. Browning, and Mrs. Stowe did fairly well both for themselves and the literature they were to degrade. May it not be just possible that the Olive Schreiners and the Mona Cairds may be looked upon with more or less approval long after those who map out "the only proper topics" for literature shall have been buried under the *debris* of the outgrown prejudices of the present day?

Is it not at least worth while to think some of these points over and be a bit modest in the estimation of our own infallibility and the general tone of appearing to think that women have nothing to say, don't know how to say it, and are incompetent to learn?

CARDINAL GIBBONS' LATE WORK.

THOMAS B. PRESTON.

CARDINAL GIBBONS is one of the foremost churchmen of to-day, who are wise enough to advocate new methods for new crises in the world's history. There is arising a new liberalism which, while it laughs at superstition and denounces the unwarranted assumption of authority, claims to be conservative of what is good, and endeavors to distinguish between that of the past which is worth preserving and the indiscriminate destruction of all things. Cardinal Gibbons, if not one of the apostles of the new liberalism, may at least be considered friendly to the movement. His latest book, entitled "Our Christian Heritage," is destined to attract wide-spread attention from persons of all sects and of no sect. It is a part of contemporary religious thought and deserves careful reading by those who wish to keep abreast of the times. But while admitting the Cardinal's beautiful spirit of toleration and love of liberty, it is only fair to point out some passages in his work which are contradictory to this spirit.

Concerning education he has a few words of warning against defective or one-sided training that would develop the child's intellectual nature while leaving uncared-for his moral faculties. "It is not enough for children to have a secular education; they must receive also a religious training." Intellectual and moral growth should go hand in hand. "The only effectual way," he says, "to preserve the blessings of civil freedom within legitimate bounds, is to inculcate in the mind of youth while at school, the virtues of truth, justice, honesty, temperance, self-denial, and the other fundamental duties comprised in the Christian code of morals." Overlooking the fact that a system of ethics which would inculcate "the virtues of truth, justice, honesty, temperance, self-denial and other fundamental duties" on which all men would agree, might easily be taught in our public schools,

Cardinal Gibbons goes on to imply that "sectarianism" should be a part of the training of youth. He says: "The remedy for these defects would be supplied if the denominational system, such as now obtains in Canada, were applied in our public schools." Such a conclusion is not necessarily or logically deducible from the principles he started out with and it is very doubtful if graver evils would not arise from its application. The education of children in separate sectarian schools of different denominations would certainly tend to keep alive the spirit of sectarian animosity. Canada, which he cites as a shining example, is also the one country of all the world where religious bigotry and the denominational spirit have survived the spirit of brotherhood, the spirit of the Lord's prayer, even down to this last decade of the nineteenth century. Witness the frequent encounters between Orangemen and Nationalists, the unending disputes as to burial in consecrated ground, and last but not least, the ridiculous insistence on temporal honors by Cardinal Taschereau, who at the opening of the Provincial parliament some months ago demanded consideration equal to that paid the representative of the Queen and a throne erected of the same height and decorated with an equal number of yards of tinsel. Canada was an unfortunate example for Cardinal Gibbons to cite.

His book, though one of the most able popular expositions of the principles of Christianity ever written by any American prelate, is not a complete system of religion. He is not dogmatic, he does not claim to speak as a spiritual teacher clothed with infallibility and he does not attempt to be either polemical or thorough. His argument for the existence of a God is derived from the order and harmony seen in the universe. Like Paley's watch, it hardly answers the assumptions of the pantheist. Then too, some theologians might differ from him with regard to the extent of the influence of environment in acting on free will. Cardinal Gibbons is inclined to belittle its influence while others carry it to the point of almost denying free will.

The Cardinal hardly appreciates the depth of the social problem. "The aged poor," he says, "are no longer at the mercy of heartless masters." Millions of workmen in our great centres of population would dispute that. "They are comfortably provided for in institutions now spread throughout Christendom." Perhaps under a system of equal justice

to all, such wide-spread alms-giving might not be necessary. He shows himself to be a believer in the now exploded theory of the "wage fund," for he says: "The poor depend on the rich for remuneration." He does not reflect that the poor create their own remuneration by the enhanced value which they give to material objects through the application of their labor and that the rich allow them to retain as little of it as they can and still consent to work. And the rich, or rather the employers whose capital is engaged in production, have to do just that, in spite of all the lessons of Christianity to the contrary, because otherwise they would be forced to the wall by less scrupulous or more exacting competitors. And even if every employer should attempt to do otherwise, they would all in a few centuries become mere tenants and serfs of the owners of untaxed monopolies. He denounces "Socialism and Communism, which would level all social distinctions and distribute to all an equal measure of earthly goods"; but he seems to overlook the socialism of our present system which gives to a privileged few the ownership of opportunities for work, through which ownership they are enabled to appropriate without return the fruits of the labor of the toiling masses, and he has no efficient remedy to propose for the "communism of combined capital" which Mr. Cleveland characterized in one of his presidential messages. He gets a hint from Mr. Lecky, the historian, that the most effectual way to suppress poverty is to "foster trade and commerce along with habits of industry," but he carries the thought only a very little way. "The sturdy man who habitually begs instead of working for a livelihood," he says, "is justly open to suspicion," but he does not reflect that the most natural suspicion is that he cannot find the opportunity to work. "He is able to dig and not ashamed to beg." Perhaps he cannot get the chance to dig. Would not the affording of opportunities for all be a far better plan than doling out alms? Not being able to solve the social problem, he reaches this rather dismal conclusion:—

"Unequal distribution of goods is the law of divine economy. In every nation you will find men occupying the two extremes of bodily and intellectual stature, of towering height and diminutive size, of gigantic strength and physical impotency, of luminous intellect and dullness of comprehension; and so also will be met the two extremes of fortune's

gifts and social life. This law of inequality is decreed by a wise dispensation of Providence for the exercise of social virtues, that the strong may aid the weak, the learned instruct the ignorant, the rich help the poor. God has given you wealth that you may practice beneficence toward the needy. He has permitted others to live in indigence, that they might exercise patience and self-denial, and manifest gratitude to their benefactors."

There is a subtle fallacy about this which deserves careful consideration. The law of divine economy is that in a world teeming with everything necessary for man's wants, where God has placed the human race, a just and natural system would result in each one receiving rewards proportioned to the combined application of their talents and industry. As the talents and industry of men differ as much as their features, there will always be "unequal distribution of goods," and there will always be met "the two extremes of fortune's gifts and social life." The idea evidently insinuated, however, is that the rich are benefactors of the poor in giving them work — a natural conclusion from his acceptance of the wage fund theory. He does not reflect that abundance has been provided for all and that, barring exceptional cases of physical disability or insanity, none need live in indigence were it not for the fact that natural bounties are monopolized by a few who either hold them out of use or charge so much for their use as practically to exclude from the enjoyment of these bounties the vast majority of the human race, forcing them to compete with each other for the privilege of working. Under a system of justice there would still be an unequal distribution of goods, but it would be a natural inequality according to the varied abilities and industry of individuals, not the enormous disproportion of hoarded millions on the one hand and starvation from lack of the necessities of life on the other. I remember to have seen somewhere a comparison between the natural inequalities of which the Cardinal speaks and the enormously unnatural "extremes of fortune's gifts" to be seen to-day. The writer took the fortune of a Vanderbilt and that of the average workingman, and showed that if they were proportionately constituted, physically, Vanderbilt would have a "towering height" of many miles. No such monstrosities are met with in nature. There is something wrong with the system under which they

can arise, something which cannot be cured by "establishing houses of the Little Sisters of the Poor for the care of the aged and infirm indigent."

There may be still greater differences between the extremes of "luminous intellect" and "dullness of comprehension" than in physical qualities, but the dullest comprehension will admit that there are no such differences from natural inequalities to be found as are met with every day around us. Statisticians estimate that the United States is able to maintain comfortably a population of over two billions. Why is it that with a population of only sixty-five millions, people are dying from want while thousands of bushels of corn are burned in the West and there are thousands of hungry mouths in the East? The Cardinal's partial view leads him to a statement which many will question: "The great majority of our leading men of wealth are indebted for their fortunes to their own untiring industry." This is a monstrous misstatement in view of the fact demonstrated by Mr. Thomas G. Shearman, that twenty-five thousand families own to-day one-half the wealth of the country and that thirty years hence, if present causes continue, one one-thousandth of the population will own three fifths of the entire wealth of the United States. The secret of the great fortunes of to-day may all be found in monopoly in lands, money or transportation, which has built up these fortunes in spite of the lavish expenditures of their owners and at the expense of the "untiring industry" of millions of toilers.

The Cardinal should have turned his attention to that problem. The Church will have to face it sooner or later and the fewer things that churchmen say which may be interpreted as a defence of the so-called vested rights of monopolies, the more will the multitude hear the gospel gladly. It is sad to see such a luminous intellect as that of Cardinal Gibbons reach such a lame conclusion as this: "The most efficient way to relieve the wants of the poor, is through organizations like that of the Little Sisters, of which I have already spoken, and of the St. Vincent de Paul Society." Heroic examples of Christian charity he quotes, and all honor to them, but charity will never be able to atone for the denial of justice.

He compares the influence of paganism and Christianity on slavery to the great advantage of the latter. But there is

a new paganism which under the guise and name of Christianity is eating the heart out of Christendom. "The elder Cato," he says, "considered slaves simply as machines for acquiring wealth, to be cast aside in decrepit old age like worthless lumber." Yet in our Christian civilization, in one of the United States, while a railroad was recently being laid and the poor workmen were toiling under the heated rays of a midsummer sun, some of them having perished from sunstroke, when a reporter, sent to investigate the matter, suggested the erection of a wooden shed over the place where the men were working, the superintendent replied: "A shed would cost us money, and we can always replace our laborers; men are cheaper than shingles." Slavery has not disappeared, its form has merely changed. Christianity has had much to do with its nominal abolition, but the spirit of the founder of Christianity will not be carried out until every disguise under which slavery lurks is torn away and every vestige of it destroyed.

Cardinal Gibbons talks of the rights of laborers and their privilege to organize in which he upholds the trade union feature, but, although he denounces the boycott rather inconsistently, he does not seem to appreciate the fact that the chief use of labor organizations is on their educational side, enabling them by discussion to ascertain their political and economic rights and to take concerted action towards obtaining them. The Cardinal says that the laborer is "entitled to a fair and just compensation for his services" and that there "need not be any conflict between labor and capital"—neither statement strikingly original. He is persuaded that the American workman is better paid and fed than his brethren across the Atlantic, but does not appear to see that it is because of the greater abundance here of opportunities for the exercise of labor. He denounces "heartless monopolists" without showing any way to abolish the monopolies. He upholds government interference to afford protection "to legitimate competing corporations as well as to the laboring classes against unscrupulous monopolies," but on the next page inveighs against State Socialism.

His position on the question of evolution also is far beneath the advanced tone of the rest of his work. He denies, apparently without investigation, the theory of man's descent from the pithecoïd ape and takes it for granted that such a theory

is necessarily at variance with the idea of the unity of the human race and the evangelical doctrine of the Atonement. He seems also to go so far as to claim that God must have created as many different original types as there are species to-day. "That there is or that there has been any transmutation from original types," he says, "we must deny." He forgets that the theory of evolution is one that has steadily made its way in the world of science until it is now accepted almost universally; that every new discovery tends to confirm it, and that many Catholic scientists, among them Mr. St. George Mivart and Mr. William Seton, are believers in evolution. The latter gentleman quite recently defended the theory of evolution and uttered memorable words, which it would be well for all churchmen to heed, warning them against the danger of uniting their religious beliefs with physical theories which the advance of science might subsequently overthrow.

It is, however, the liberal tone of Cardinal Gibbons' work, its merits rather than its defects, which mark the altered attitude of Catholic theologians toward modern progress. With him the idea of God being vengefully engaged and taking a fiendish delight in burning for all eternity any of his creatures becomes abhorrent. The lake of fire, the writhings and agonizing physical torments so familiar to all students of mediæval art and literature are practically abandoned. There is no plea in favor of monarchical or aristocratic ideas: The Declaration of Independence is to him a profoundly religious profession. There is nothing in the spirit of the work which need prevent the most advanced liberal from welcoming his efforts to lead his fellow Catholics in the path of progress. And the book itself is but the outward evidence of an inward leaven which is working in the minds of all deeply religious people and which promises the best results for the moral, social, and political future of the United States and of the world-at large.



Drawn by HAMILTON GIBSON.

"I ONLY KNOW THE DEAD HAVE WAVED ME TOWARD THE WATER, AND I GO."

(See "*Mamelons*.")

MAMELONS.*

A LEGEND OF THE SAGUENAY.

BY W. H. H. MURRAY.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER III.

THE MOTHER'S MESSAGE.

EVENING was on the woods. The girl, her mother's message in her hands, gift from the chest that owned the golden key, sat reading. And this is what she read:

"My daughter: They tell me I must die. I know it, for a chill, strange to my blood, is creeping through and thickening in my veins. It is the old tale told from the beginning of the world — of warm blood frozen when 'tis warmest, and beauty blasted at its fullest bloom. For I am at that age when woman's nature gives most and gets most from sun and flower, from touch of baby hands and man's strong love, and all the blood within her moves, tremulous with forces whose working makes her pure and sweet, as moves the strong wine in the cask when ripening its red strength and flavor. O daughter of a race that never lied save for a loved one! blood of my blood, remember that your mother died hating to die; died when life was fullest, sweetest, fiercest in her; for life is passionate force, and when full is fierce to crave, to seek, to have and hold, and has been so since man loved woman and by woman was beloved. And so it is with me. A woman, I crave to live, and, craving life, must die.

"Death! how I hate thee! What right hast thou to claim me now when I am at my sweetest? The withered and the wrinkled are for thee. For thee the colorless cheek, the shrivelled breast, the skinny hand that shakes as shakes the leaf, frost-smitten to its fall, the lustreless eye, and the lone soul that looketh longingly ahead where wait its loved ones;

*The first half of this remarkably beautiful prose poem appeared in the January ARENA.

such are for thee, not I. For I am fair and fresh and full through every vein of those quick forces, which belong to life, and hate the grave. This, that you may know your mother died unwillingly, and dying hated death, as all of the old race and faith have ever done since he first came, a power, a mystery, and a curse into the world. For in the ancient annals of our fathers it was written 'that in the beginning of the world there was no death, but life was all in all.' God talked with them as father talks with children; their daughters were married to His sons, and earth and heaven were one.

"Your father was of France; but also of that blood next oldest ours. He was Lenape, a branch blown from that primal tree which was the world's first growth, whose roots ran under ocean before the first world sank; a branch blown far by fate, which, falling, struck deep into the soil of this western world, and, vital with deathless sap, grew and became a tree. This was in ancient days, when thoughts of men were writ in pictures and the round world rested on a Tortoise's back — emblem of water. For the first world was insular, and blue seas washed it from end to end, a mighty stretch, which reached from sunrise into sunset, through many zones. Long after, men lost knowledge and the earth was flat, and for a thousand years the Tortoise symbol was an unread riddle save to us of the old blood, who knew the pictured tongue, and laughed to see the later races, mongrel in blood and rude, flatten out the globe of God until it lay flat as their ignorance. Your father was Lenape, who bore upon his breast the Tortoise symbol of old knowledge made safe by sacredness; for the wise men of his race, that the old fact might not be lost, but borne safely on like a dry seed blown over deserts until it comes to water, and, lodging, finds chance to grow into a full flowered, fruitful tree, made it, when they died and knowledge passed, the Totem of his tribe. Thus the dead symbol kept the living fact alive. Nor were there lacking other proofs that his blood was one with mine, though reaching us through world-wide channels. For in his tongue, like flecks of gold in heaps of common sand, were words of the old language, clear and bright with the original lustre, when gold was sacred ornament and had no vulgar use. The mongrel moderns have made it base and fouled it with dirty trade; but in the beginning, and by those

of primal blood, who knew they were of heaven, it was a sacred metal, held for God.*

"We met in France, and by French custom were allied. I was a girl, and knew not my own self, and he a boy scarce twenty. Reasons of state there were to prompt our marriage, and so we were joined. He was of our old blood. That drew me and no other thing, for love moved not within me, but nested calmly in my breast as a young bird, ere yet its wings are grown or it has thrilled with flight, rests in its downy cincture. He died at Mamelons; died under doom. You know the tale. He died and you came, fatherless, into the world.

"You are your mother's child. In face and form, in eye and every look, you are of me and not of him. The French cross in his blood made weakness, and the stronger blood prevailed. This is the law. A turbid stream sinks with quick ebb; the pure flows level on. The Jews prove this. The ancient wisdom stands in them. The creed, which steals from their old faith, whatever makes it strong, has armed the world against them, but their blood triumphs. The old tide, red and true, unmixed, pure, laughs at these mongrel streams. Strong with pure strength it bides its time. The world will yet be theirs, and so the prophecy of their sacred books be met. Pure blood shall win, albeit muddy veins to-day are boasted of by fools.

"But we are older far than they. The Jews are children, while on our heads the rime of hoary time rests white as snow. Our race was old when Egypt, sailing from our ancestral ports, reached, as a colony, the Nile.† From tideless Sea,‡ to the Green Island in the west,§ from southern Spain to Arctic zones, the old Basque banner waved; while under Mamelons, where waits the doom for insult to pure blood, your fathers anchored ships from the beginning. What

*Among many of the ancient races gold and silver were sacred metals, not used in commerce, but dedicated as votive offerings, or sent to the temples as dues to the gods. Nothing more astonished and puzzled the natives of Peru and Mexico than the eagerness with which the Spaniards sought for gold, and the high value they put upon it. A West Indian savage traded a handful of gold dust with one of the sailors with Columbus for some tool, and then ran as for his life to the woods, lest the sailor should repent his bargain and demand the tool to be given back!

†It is certain that the Iberian race settled on the Spanish peninsula a long time before the Egyptians, a sister colony from the same unknown parental source, doubtless, began their marvellous structures on the Nile.

‡The Mediterranean.

§Ireland.

loss came to the earth when the gods of the old world, of whom we are, sank under sea and with them took the perfect knowledge! Alas! alas! the chill creeps in and on and I must hurry! I would make you wise before I die with a wisdom which none save the women of our race might speak or learn.

"You will read this when I am fixed among the women of our race in the great realms where they are queens. For since the first the women of our race have ruled and had their way, whether for good or ill, and both have come to them and through them unto others. And so forever will it be. For beauty is a fate, and unto what 'tis set none know. The issue proves it and naught else. So be it. She who has the glory of the fate should have the courage to bide issue.

"Your body is my body; your face my face; your blood my blood. The warmth of the old fires are in it, and the sweet heat which glows in you will make you understand. You are my child, and being so, I give you of myself. I love. Love as the women of our race and only they may love. Love with a love that maketh all my life so that without it all is death to me. That love I, dying, bestow on you. It came to me like flash of fire on altar when holy oils are kindled and the censer swung. Here I first met him. Death had me. He fought and took me from his hand. In the beginning, men were large and strong, and women beautiful. Giants were on the earth, and our mothers wedded them. Each was a rose, thorn-guarded, and the strongest plucked her when in bloom and wore her, full of sweets, upon his bosom. Since then the women of our blood have loved large men. Weak ones we hated. None save the mighty, brawny, and brave have ever felt our soft arms round them, or our mouths on theirs. Thus has it been.

"I loved him, for his strength was as the ancients, and with it gentleness like the gods. But he was humble, and knew not his own greatness, and, blinded by humility, he would not see that I was his. So I waited, waited as all women wait, that they may win. It is not art, but nature, the nature of a rose, which, daily opening more and more to perfect bloom in his warm light, makes the sun know his power at last. For love reveals all greatness in us, as it does all faults. Well did I know that he should see at last his

fitness for me, and, without violence to himself, yield to my loveliness and be drawn within the circle of my arms. So should I win at last, as have the women of our race won always. But death mars all. So has it been since women lived. His is the only knife whose edge may cut the silken bands we wind round men. Vain is all else. Faiths may not stand against us, nor pride, nor honor. Our power draws stronger. The grave alone makes gap 'twixt lovely woman's loving and bridal bed. So, dying thus before my time I am bereft of all.

"But you shall win, for in you I shall live again and to full time. I know that you will love him, for you drew my passion to you with my milk, and all my thoughts were of him, when, with large receptive eyes, you lay a baby in my arms, day after day, scanning my face, love-lighted for him. Aye, you will love him. For in your sleep, cradled on the heart that worshiped him, its warmth for him warmed you, its beating thrilled, and from my mouth, murmured caressingly in dreams, your ears and tongue learned his dear name before mine own. So art thou fated unto love as I to death. Both could not win, and hence, perhaps, 'tis well I die. For had both lived, then both had loved, mother and child been rivals, and one suffered worse than dying. Nor am I without joy. For once, when I was wooing him with art he did not know, coaxing him up to me with sweet praises sweetly said, and purposely I swayed so my warm body fell into his arms and there lay for a moment, vibrant, all aglow, while all my woman's soul went through my lifted and dimmed eyes to him, I saw a flash of fire flame in his face, and felt a throb jump through his body, as the God woke in him, which told me he was mortal. And, faint with joy, I slid downward from his arms and in the fragrant grasses sat, throbbing, covering up my face with happy hands lest he should see the glory of it and be frightened of what his touch had done. I swear by the old blood, that moment's triumph honored, that the memory of that blissful time takes from death its sting and robs the grave of victory, as I lie dying.

"Yea, thou shalt win. The power will be in thee, as it has been in me, to win him or any whom women made as we set heart on. But woo him with that old art of innocence, snow white, though hot as fire, lost to the weak or brazen women of these mongrel races that fill the world to-day, who

dare not dare, or daring, overdo. Be slow as sunrise. Let thy love dawn on him as morning dawns upon the earth, and warmth and light grow evenly, lest the quick flash blind him, or the sudden heat appall, and he see nothing right, but shrink from thee and his new self as from a wicked thing. I may not help thee. What fools these moderns are to think so. The dead have their own lives and loves, and note not the living. Else none might be at peace or know comfort above the sky, and all souls would make wail for wrongs and woes done and borne under sun. So is it well that parting should be parting, and what wall divides the dead from living be beyond penetration. For each woman's life is sole. Her plans are hidden with her love. Her skill is of it a sweet secrecy, and all her winning is self-won. I do not fear. Thou wilt have the wooing wisdom of thy race. Thy eyes are such as men give life to look into. The passion in thy blood would purchase thrones. Thou hast the grace of form which maddens men. Thy voice is music. Thy touch warm velvet to the skin. The first and perfect woman lives complete in thee!

"No more. In the old land no one is left. The modern cancer eats all there. New fashions and new faiths crowd in. Only low blood is left, and that soon yields to pelf and pain. Last am I of the queenly line and thou art last of me. I came of gods. To gods I go. The tree that bore the fruit of knowledge for our sex in the sunrise of the world is stripped to the last sweet leaf. If thou shalt die leaving no root, the race God made is ended. With thee the gods quit earth, and the old red blood beats back and upward to the skies. Gold hast thou and broad acres. Youth and health are thine. Win his great strength to thee, for he is pure as strong, and from a primal man get perfect children, that in this new world in the west a new race may arise rich in old blood, born among the hills, strong with the strength of trees, whose sons shall be as mountains, and whose daughters as the lakes, whose loveliness is lovelier because of the reflected mountains dimly seen in them.

"Farewell. Love greatly. It is the only way that leadeth woman to her heaven. The moderns have a saying in their creed that God is love. In the beginning He was Father. The race that sprang from Him said that, and said no more. It was enough. Love then was human, and we

gloried in it. Not the pale love of barren nun, but love red as the rose, warm as the sun, the love of motherly women, sweet mouthed, deep breasted, voiced with cradle songs and soft melodies which made men love their homes. Love thou and live on the old level. Be not ashamed to be full woman. Love strength. Bear children to it. Be mother of a mighty race born for this western world. Multiply. Inherit; and send the old blood flowing from thy veins, a widening current, thrilling through the ages; that it may be as red, as pure, as strong at sunset as it was in the sunrise of the world.

"Once more, farewell, sweet daughter. These are last words, a voice from out the sunset, sweet and low as altar hymn wandering down the columned aisles of some old temple. So may it sound to thee. So live, so woo, so win, that when thou comest through the portals of the west to that fair throne amid those other ones which stretch their stateliness across the endless plain of ended things, which waits for thee as one has waited for every woman of our queenly line, thou shalt leave behind at going a new and noble race, from thee and him, in which the east and west, the sunrise and the sunset of the world shall, like two equal glories, meet condensed and shine. So fare thee well. Fear not Mamelons. For if thou failest there, thou shalt be free of fault, and all the myriad millions of our blood, shall out of sunset march, and from the shining sands of fate lift thee high and place thee on the last, the highest, and the whitest throne of our old line. So ends it. One more sweet kiss, sweet one. One more long look into his face — grave, grave and sad he gazeth at me. God! What a face he has! Shall I find match for it to-morrow when I stand, amid the royal, beyond sunset? Perhaps. Death, you have good breeding. You have waited well. Come, now, I will go on with thee. Yes, yes, I see the way. 'Tis very plain. It has been hollowed by so many feet. Good-bye to earthly light and life. It may be I shall find a better. I'll know to-morrow."

Here the scroll ended. Long the living sat pondering what the dead had writ. She kissed the writing as it were holy text. Then placed it in the chest, and turned the golden key, and said: "Sweet mother, thou shalt live in me. Our race shall not die out. My love shall win him."

Then went she to the great room wherein the Trapper by the red fire sat and said: "John Norton, thou art my guest. What may I do to pleasure thee? Here thou must stay until my mind can order out my life and make the dubious road ahead look plain. While underneath my roof, I pray, command me."

All this with such grave dignity and sweet grace as she were queen and he some kinsman, great and wise.

The Trapper stooped and lifted a huge log upon the fire, which broke the lower brands. The chimney roared, and the large room brightened to the flame. Then, facing her, he said: "Guest I am and servant, both in one, and must be so awhile. Winter is on us. The fire feels snow. It putters as if the flakes were falling in it. It is a sign that never lies. Hark! you can hear the konk of geese as they wedge southward. The winter will be long, but I must stay."

"And are you sorry you must stay?" replied the girl. "I will do what I may to make the days and nights pass swiftly."

"Nay, nay, you do mistake," returned the Trapper. "I am not sorry for myself, but thee. If I may only help thee: how can I help thee?"

"John Norton," replied the girl, and she spoke with sweet earnestness as when the heart is vocal, "thou art a man, and wise: I am a girl, and know nought save books. But you, you have seen many men and tribes of men; counceled with chiefs, been comrade with the great, sharing their inner thoughts in peace and war, and thou hast done great deeds thyself, of which fame speaks widely. Why do you cheapen your own value so, calling thyself a common man? My uncle said you were the best, the bravest, and the wisest man he ever met, and he had sat with kings and chiefs, and heard the best men of both worlds tell all they knew. Dear friend, wilt thou not be my teacher, and teach me that which lieth now, like treasure hidden, locked in thy silence?"

"I teach thee!" exclaimed the Trapper. "I, an unlettered man, a hunter of the woods, teach one who readeth every tongue, who knoweth all the past, to the beginning of the world, whose head has in it all these shelves of knowledge," and the Trapper swept a gesture toward the thousand books that thickened the great hall from floor to ceiling. "I teach thee!"

"Yes, you," answered the girl. "You can teach me, or any woman that ever lived, or any man. For you were given at your birth the seeing eye, the listening ear, and the still patience of the mountain cat, which on the bare bough sits watching, from sunset until sunrise, motionless. In the old days such gifts meant wisdom, wider, deeper, more exact than that of books, for so my mother often told me. She said the wisest men who ever lived were those who, in deep woods and caves and on the shore of seas, saw, heard, and pondered on the life and mysteries of nature, noting all things, small and great, cause and effect, tracing out connections which interlace the parts into one whole, so making one solid woof of knowledge, covering all the world of fact and substance in the end. And once, when you were in the mood, and had been talking in the hall, drawn on and out by her, you told of climes and places you had seen, and strange things met in wandering, of great mounds builded by some ancient race, long dead; of cities, under sunset, still standing solid, without men; of tall and shapely pillars, writ with mystic characters, on the far shore of the mild sea, whence sailed the old dead of my race, at dying, far away to western heavens, where to-day they live; of caverns in deep earth, made glorious with crystals, stalactites, prisms, and shining ornaments, where, in old time, the gods of the under world were chambered; of trees that mingled bloom and fruitage the long year through, and flowers that never faded till the root died out; of creeping reptiles, snakes, and savage, poisonous things that struck to kill, and of their antidotes, growing for man and beast amid the very grasses where they secreted venom; of rivers wide and deep, boiling up through solid earth, full-tided, which, flowing widely on, dropped suddenly like a plummet to the centre of the world; of plains, fenced by the sky, far reaching as the level sea, so that the red sun rose and set in grasses; of fires which, lit by lightning, blackened the stars with smoke and burned all the world; of oceans in the west, which, flowing with joint floods, fell over mountains, plunging their weights of water sheer downward, so that the rocky framework of the round earth shook; of winds that blew as out of chaos, revolving on a hollow axis like a wheel buzzing, invisible, charged to the centre with electric force, and fires which burst explosive, kindling the air like tinder; and of ten thousand marvels

and curious things, which you have met, noted, and pondered on, seeking to know the primal fact or force which underlaid them. So that my mother said that night, when we were in our chamber, that you were the wisest man she ever met; wise with the wisdom of her ancient folk, whose knowledge lived, oral and terse, before the habit of bookmaking came to rive the solid substance, heavy and rich, into thin veneer, to make vain show for fools to wonder at. Teach me! Who might thou not teach, thou seeing, silent man, type of my first fathers, who, gifted with rare senses and with wit to question nature and to learn mastered all wisdom before books were."

"Aye, aye," returned the Trapper, not displeased to hear her praise as rare what seemed to him so common, "these things I know in truth, for I have wandered far, seen much, and noted closely, and he who sleeps in woods has time to think. But, girl, I am an unlearned man, and know naught of books."

"Books!" exclaimed the girl. "What are books but oral knowledge spread out in words which lack the fire of forceful utterance? But you shall know them. The winter days are short, the nights are long; our toil is simple; wood for the fire, fruit for the table, and a swift push each day along the snow for exercise; or if the winds will keep some acres clean, our skates shall ring to the smitten ice, piercing it with tremblings till all the shores cry out. All other hours for sleep and books. I read in seven tongues, one so old that none save I in all the world can read it; for it was writ when letters were a mystery, known only unto those who fed the sacred fire and kept God's altars warm. And I will read you all the wisdom of the world, and its rare laughter, which, mother said, was the fine effervesce of wisdom, the pungent foam and sparkle of it. So you shall know. And one old scroll there is, rolled in foil of gold, sealed with the serpent seal, symbol of eternity, scribed with pictured knowledge, an heirloom of my race, whose key alone I have, writ in rainbow colors, when the world was young, the language of the gods, who first made signs for speech and put the speaking mouth upon a page. It was the first I learned. My mother taught it to me standing at her knee—for so the law says it shall be done, a law old with twice ten thousand years of age—that he who knows this scroll shall teach it, under

silence, to his or her first born, standing at knee, that the old knowledge of prime things and days may not perish from the earth it tells of, but live on forever while the earth endures. For on it is the record of the beginning, told by those who saw it; of the first man and how he came to be; of woman, first, when born and of what style. A list of healing simples, antidotes 'gainst death, and of rare oils which search the bones and members of the mortal frame and banish pain; and others yet, sweet to the nose, and volatile, that make the face to shine, for feasts and happy days, and being poured on women, make their skin softer than down, whiter than drifted snow, and so clean and clear that the rich blood pinks through it like a red rose centred in crystal. And on it, too, is written other and strange rules, wild and weird. How one may have the seeing eye come to him. How to call up the wicked dead from under ground, and summon from their heaven in the west, where they live and love, the blessed. How marriage came to man with woman. What part is his to act and what part hers, that each may be joy to other, and she thus honored, be as sweet slip grafted on a vital trunk, full flowered in fullest growth, and fruitful of what the old gods loved, children, healthy, fair, and strong; all will I read thee, talking as we read, that we, with sharpened thought, may bite through to the vital gist, deep centred within the hard rind of words, and taste the living sweetness of true sense. So will we teach each other and grow wise equally; you, me the knowledge of things and places you have seen; I, you the knowledge writ in books that I have read."

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

NEXT day, the Trapper's sign proved true. Winter fell whitely on the world. Its soft fleece floated downward to the earth whiter than washed wools. The waters of the lake blackened in contrast with the shores. The flying leaves — tardy vagrants from the branch — were smothered 'mid the flakes, and dropped like shot birds. Toward night the wind arose. The forest moaned. At sunset, in the gray gloom, a flock of ducks roared southward through the whirling storm. A field of geese, leaderless, bewildered, blinded by the driving flakes, scented water, and, like a noisy mob, fell, with a

mighty splash, into the lake. Summer went with the day, and with the night came winter, white, cold, and stormy, roaring violently through the air.

In the great hall sat the two. The logs on the wide hearth piled high, glowed red—a solid coal from end to end, cracked with concentric rings. They reddened the hall, books, skins, and antlered trophies of the chase. The strong man and the girl's dark face stood forth in the warm luminance, pre-Raphaelite. The Trapper sat in a great chair, built solidly of rounded wood, untouched by tool, but softly cushioned. The girl, recumbent, rested on a pile of skins, black with the glossy blackness of the bear, full furred. Her dress, a garnet velvet, from the looms of France. Her moccasins, snow white. On either wrist a serpent coil of gold. A diamond at her throat. Red fez on her head, while over her rich dress the glossy masses of her hair fell tangled to her feet. She read from an old book, bound with rich plush, whose leaves were vellum, edged with artful garniture and lettered richly with crimson ink—a precious relic of old literature, saved from those vandal flames which burned the stored knowledge of the world to ashes at Alexandria. The characters were Phœnician, and told the story of that race to which we owe our modern alphabet; whose ships, a thousand years before the Christ, went freighted with letters, seeking baser commerce, to every shore of the wide world. She read by the fire's red light, and the ruddy glow fell vividly on the pictured page, the rich dress outlining her full form and the swarth beauty of her face. It was the story of an old race—no library has it now—the story of their rise, their glory, and their fall. She read for hours, pausing here and there to tell her listener of connecting things—of Rome that was not then; of Greece yet to be born; of Egypt, swarming on the Nile and building monuments for eternity, and of her ancient race, west of the tideless sea, whose annals, even then, reached backward through ten thousand years, thus making clear what otherwise were dark, and teaching him all history. So passed the hours till midnight struck. Then she arose, and lifting a goblet half-filled with water, poured it on the hearth, saying: "I spill this water to a race whose going emptied half the world." This solemnly, for she was of the past, and held to its old fashions, knowing all its symbolism, its rites, its daily customs,

and what they meant, for so she had been taught, and nothing else, by her whose blood and beauty she repeated. Then took the Trapper's hand and laid it on her head, bent low, and said: "Dear friend, I am so glad to serve you. I have enjoyed this night beyond all nights I ever knew. I hope for many others like to it, and even sweeter." And saying this she looked with glad and peaceful eyes into his face, and glided noiselessly from the room.

The Trapper piled high the logs again, and, lying down upon the skins where she had lain, gazed with wide eyes into the coals. The gray was in the sky before he slept, and in his sleep he murmured: "It cannot be. I am an unlearned man and poor. I am not fit." Above him in her chamber, nestling in sleep, the girl sighed in her dreams and murmured: "How blind he is!" And then: "My love shall win him!"

Dear girl, sweet soul of womanhood, gift to these gilded days from the old solid past, I would the thought had never come to me to tell this tale of Mamelons!

So went the winter; and so the two grew upward side by side in knowledge. He learning of the past as taught in books; of men long dead whose names had been unknown to him; of deeds done by the mighty of the world; of cities, monuments, tombs long buried; of races who mastered the world and died mastered by their own weaknesses; of faiths, philosophies, and creeds once bright and strong as fire, now cold and weak as sodden ashes; of vanished rites and mysteries and lost arts which once were the world's wonder—all were unfolded to him, so that his strong mind grasped the main point of each and understood the whole. And she learned much from him; of bird and beast and fish; of climates and their growths; of rocks and trees; of nature's signs and movements by day and night; of wandering tribes and mongrel races; the lore of the woods and waters and the differences in governments which shape the lives of men. So taught they each other; she, swift of thought and full of eastern fire; he, slower minded, but calm, sagacious, comprehensive, remembering all and settling all in wise conclusion. Two better halves, in mind and soul and body, to make a perfect whole, were never brought by fate together since God made male and female. The past and present, fire and wood, fancy and judgment, beauty to win and strength

to hold, sound minds in sound bodies, the perfect womanhood and manhood ideal, typical, met, conjoined in them.

Slowly she won him. Slowly she drew him with innocence of loving, to oneness in wish and thought and feeling, with her sweet self. Slowly, as the moon lifts the great tide, she lifted him toward her, until his nature stood highest, full flooded, nigh, bathed in all the wide, deep flowing of its greatness, in her white radiance. It was an angel's mission, and all the wild passion of her blood, original, barbaric, was sobered with reverent thought of the great destiny that she, wedded to him, stood heir to. She had no other hope, nor wish, nor dream, than to be his. She was all woman. This life was all to her. She had no future. If she had, she wisely put it by until she came to it. She took no thought of far to-morrow. Sufficient for the day was the joy or sorrow of it. She lived. She loved. That was enough. What more might be to woman than to live, to love, worship her husband and bear children? Such life were heaven. If other heaven there were she could not crave it, being satisfied. So felt she. So had she felt. So acted that it might be; and now, at last, she stood on that white line each perfect woman climbs to, passing which, radiant, content, grateful, she enters—heaven.

Spring came. Heat touched the snow, and it grew liquid. The hills murmured as with many tongues, and low music flowed rippling down their sides. The warm earth sweetened with odors. Sap stirred in root and bough, and the fibred sod thrilled with delicious passages of new life.

From the far South came flaming plumage, breasts of gold and winged music to the groves. The pent roots of herbs, spiced and pungent, burst upward through the moistened mould, and breathed wild, gamy odors through the woods. The skeleton trees thickened with leaf formations, and hid their naked grayness under green and gold. Each day birds of passage, pressed by parental instinct, slanted wings toward the lake, and, sailing inward, to secluded bays, made haste to search for nests. Mother otters swam heavy through the tide, and the great turtles, lumbering from the water, dug deep pits under starlight, in the sand, and cunningly piled their pyramid of eggs. All nature loved and mated, each class of life in its own order, and God began the re-creation of the world.

The two were standing under leafy screen on the lake's shore, the warm sun overhead and the wide water lying level at their feet. Nature's mood was on them, and their hearts, like equal atmospheres, flowed to sweet union. Reverently they spoke, as soul to soul, concealing nothing, having nothing to conceal, of their deep feeling and of duty unto each. The girl held up her clean, sweet nature unto him, that he might see it, wholly his forever; and he kept nothing back. She knew he loved her, and to her the task to make him feel the honor she received in being loved by him. So stood they, alone in the deep woods, apart from men, in grave, sweet counsel. Thus spake the man:—

"I love you, Atla; you know it. I would lay down my life for you. But our marriage may not be. I am too old."

"Too old!" replied the girl, "Thou hast seen forty years, I twenty. Thou art the riper, sweeter, better; that is all. I would not wed a boy. The women of our race have wedded men, big bodied, strong to fight, to save, to make home safe, their country free, and fame, that richest heritage to children. My mother broke the rule, and rued it. She might have rued it worse had death not cut the tightening error which knotted her to coming torture. My heart holds hard to the old law made for the women of our race by ancient wisdom: 'Wed not boys, but wed grave and gentle men. For women would be ruled, and who, of pride and fire, would be ruled by striplings?' And again: 'Let ivy seek the full-grown oak, nor cling to saplings.' I love the laws that were, love the old faiths and customs. They filled the world with beauty and brave men. They gave great nature opportunity to keep great, kept noble blood from base, strength from wedding weakness, and barred out mongrelism from the world, which in the ancient days was deadliest sin corrupting all. O love! you do mistake, saying 'I am too old.' For women have ever the child's habit in them. They love to be held in arms, love to look up to loving eyes, love to be commanded, and obey strong sovereignty. The husband is head—head of the house. He sits in wide authority and from his wisdom flow counsel, command, which all the house, wife, children, and servants, bend to, obedient. How can a stripling fill such a seat? How sit such dignity on a beardless face? How, save from seasoned strength, such safety come to all? O full grown man! be oak to me, and

let me twine my weakness round thy strength, that I may find safe lodgement, nor be shaken in my roots when storms blow strong. Too old! I would thy head were sown with the white rime of added years. So should I love thee more!"

Ah me, such pleading from love's mouth, such sweet entreaty from love's heart man never heard before, in these raw days, when callow youth is fondled by weak women, and boys with starting beards push wisdom, gray and grave, from council chairs.

Then in reply the Trapper said:—

"Atla, it cannot be. I will admit that you say, sooth, my years do not forbid. Boys are rash, hot-headed, quick of tongue, ill-mannered, lacking patience, just sense, and slow-mannered gentleness which comes with added years, and that deep knowledge which slows blood and gentles speech, and I do see that you fit well to these, and would be happier with a man thus characterized. But, letting that go by—and all my heart is grateful that it may—still marriage may not be between us, for thou art rich and I am poor, and so it should not be. For husband should own house; the wife make home. What say you, am I right or wrong?"

To which the girl made answer: "Thou art an old-time man, John Norton, and this judgment fits the ancient wisdom. For in the beginning so it was. The male built nest, the female feathered it with song. So each had part in common ministry. The man was greater, richer, than the woman, and with earthly substance did endow. And she in turn gave sweet companionship, and sang loneliness from his life with mother songs and children's prattle. Thus in the beginning. Yea, thou art right, as thou art always right. For, being sound in heart and head, thou canst not err. Thy judgment goes straight to the centre of the truth as goes thy bullet. But as men lived and died, change came to the first order. For men without male issue died and left great dower to girls. Women, by no fault of theirs, nor lack of modesty, grew rich by gifts of death, which are the gifts of fate. And changing circumstance changed all, making the old law void. The gods pondered, and a new order rose. By chance, at first, then by ordainment, royalty left male and followed female blood, because their blood was truer to itself, less vagrant, purer, better kept. And women of red blood and pure, clothed in royalty from shame, made alliance

with men whom their souls loved, and gave rank, wealth, and their sweet selves in lavishness of loving, which gives all and keeps nothing back. Such was the habit of my race and line from age to age, even as I read you from the pictured scroll, rolled in foil of gold, that only I, of all the world, can read; and if I die leaving no child, the golden secret goes with me to the gods, and all the ancient lore is lost to men forever. This to assist your judgment and make the scales hang level from your hand for just decision. Am I to blame because I stand as heir to ancient blood and wealth? Shall these wide acres, gold in yonder house, gems in casket, and diamonds worn for ten thousand years by women of my race, queens of the olden time, when in their hands they lifted world-wide sceptres, divide thee and me? Has love no weight in the just scales you, by the working of some old fate, I know not what, hold over me and my soul's wish to-day? Be just to your own soul, be just to mine, and fling these doubts aside as settled forever by the mighty Power that works in darkness, and through darkness to the light shaping our fates and ordering life and death, joy and grief, beyond our power to fix or change. Blown by two winds, whose coming and going we list not, we, two, meet here. Strong art thou and I am weak, but shall thy strength repel my weakness? Rich, without fault, I am. My blood is older than these hills, purer than yonder water, and wilt thou make an accident, light as a feather in just balances, outweigh a fact sweet as heaven, heavy as fate? The queens of old, whose blood is one with mine, who spake the self-same tongue and loved the self-same way, chose men to be their kings; so I, by the same law, choose thee. Be thou my king. Rule me in love. By the old right and rule of all my race, I place thy hand upon my head, and so pass under yoke. I am thy subject, and all my days shall be a sweet subjection. Do with me as thou wilt. I make no terms. My feet shall walk with thine to the dark edge of death. Further I know not. This life we may make sure. The next is or is not ours to order. No man may say. Lord of my earthly life, take me, take me to thy arms, that I, last of an old race, last of its blood, left sole in all the world, without father, mother, friend, may feel I am beloved by him I worship, and drink one glad, sweet cup before I go to touch the bitter edge of dubious chance at Mamelons."

Then love prevailed. Doubt went from out his soul. His nature, unrestrained, leaped up in a red rush of joy to eyes and face. He lifted hands and opened arms to her. To them she swept, as bird into safe thicket, chased by hawk, with a glad cry. Panting she lay upon his bosom, trembling through all her frame, placed mouth to his and lost all sense but feeling. Then, with a gasp, drew back and lifted dewy eyes to his, as fed child to nursing mother's face, or saint her worshiping gaze to God.

But the gods of her old race, standing beyond sunset, lifted high, saw, farther on, the sandy slope of Mamelons, and, while she lay in heaven on her lover's breast, they bent low their heads and wept.

Spring multiplied its days and growths. Night followed night as star follows star in their circuits, wheeling forever on. Each morn brought sweet surprise to each. For like the growths of nature so grew their love fuller with bloom each morn; with fragrance fuller each dewy night. Her nature, under love's warmth, grew richer, seeding at its core for sweeter, larger life. His borrowed tone and color from her own, and fragrance. So, in the happy days of the long spring, as earth grew warmer, sweeter with the days, the two grew, with common growth and closer, until they stood in primal unity, no longer twain but one.

One day she came, and put her hand in his and said:—

“Dear love, there is an old rite by which my people married. It bindeth to the grave; no farther. For there the old faith stopped, not knowing what life might be beyond, or by whom ordered. Thine goeth on through death as light through darkness, and holds the hope that earthly union lasts forever. It may be so. Perhaps the Galilean knew better than the gods what is within the veil, for so the symbol is. It is a winning faith. My heart accepts it as a happy chance; and, did it not, it would not matter. Thy faith is mine, and thine shall be my God. Perchance the ancient deities and your modern One are but the same, with different names. We worship ours with fruits and flowers and incense; with dancing feet, glad songs, and altars garlanded with flowers; moistened with wine; you, yours with doleful music, bare rites, the beggary of petition and cold reasoning. Ours was the better fashion, for it kept the happy

habits up of children, gladly grateful for father gifts, and so prolonged the joyous childhood of the world. But in this thy faith is better — it hangs a star above the tide of death for love to steer by. My heart accepts the sign. Thy faith is mine. We will go down to Mamelons, and there be married by the holy man who wears upon his breast the sign you trust to."

"Nay, nay; it shall not be," exclaimed the Trapper. "Atla, thou shalt not go to Mamelons. There waits the doom for the mixed blood. There died thy father, and all its sands are full of mouldering men. We will be married here by the old custom of thy people, and God, who looketh to the heart and knoweth all, will bless us."

"Dear love," returned the girl, "thy word is law to me. I have no other. It shall be as thou wilt. But listen to my folly or my wisdom, I know not which it is; I fear not Mamelons. There is no coward blood in me. The women of our race face fate with open eyes. So it has been from the beginning. Death sees no pallor in our cheeks. To love we say farewell, then graveward go with steady steps. The women of my house — a lengthy line, stretching downward from the past beyond annals — whose blood flows red in me, lived queens, and, dying, died as they lived. I would die so; lest, if thy faith is true, they would not own me kin nor give me place among them when I came, if I feared fate or death. Besides, the doom may not hold good toward me. I know my uncle saw the sight; but he was only Tortoise, a branch blown far from the old tree and lost a thousand years amid strange peoples, and his sight could not, therefore, be sure. Moreover, love, if the curse holds, and I am under doom, how may I escape? For fate is fate, and he who runs, runs quickest into it. So let us go, I pray, to Mamelons, and let us be married by the holy man, the symbol * on whose breast was known to our old race and carved on altars ten thousand years before the simple Jew was born at Bethlehem. So shall the symbol of the old faith and the new be for the first time kissed by two who represent the sunrise and sunset of the world; and the god of the morning and of evening be

* The cross as a symbol is traceable through all the old races, even the remotest in point of time. It was originally a symbol of plenty and joy, and so stood emblematic of happiness for tens of thousands of years. The Romans connected it with their criminal law, as we have the gallows, and so it became a symbol of shame and sorrow.

proved to be the same, though worshipped under different names."

He yielded, and the two made ready to set face toward Mamelons.

There was, serving in her house, an old red servitor, who had been chief, in other days, of Mistassinni.* His dwindled tribe lives still upon the lake which reaches northward beyond knowledge. But he, longer than her life, had lived in the great house, a life-long guest, but serving it in his wild fashion. Warring with Nasquapees and Mountaineers against the Esquimaux, he had been overcome in ambush and in the centre of their camp put to the torture. Grimly he stood the test of fire, not making moan as their knives seamed him and the heated spear points seared. Maddened, one pried his jaws apart with edge of hatchet, and tore his tongue out, saying, in devilish jest, "If thou wilt not talk, thou hast no need of this," and ate it before his eyes. Then the Chief, with twice a hundred braves, burst in upon them, and whirled the hellish brood, in roaring battle, out of the world. The Trapper, plunging through whirring hatchets and red spear points, sent the cursed fagots flying that blazed upward to his bloody mouth and so saved him to the world. Crippled beyond hope of leadership, he left his tribe, and, toiling slowly through the woods, came to the Chief in the great house and said, in the quick language of silent signs: "I am no longer chief — I cannot fight. Let me stay here until I die." Thus came he, and so stayed, keeping, through many

*This lake lies to the northwest of Lake St. John some 300 miles, and within some 200 miles of James' Bay. It was discovered by white men in the person of Père Abanel, in 1661, a Jesuit missionary, *en route* to Hudson's Bay. This is the lake about which so much has been said in Canada and the States, and so much printed. In fact, very little is accurately known of it, unless we assume that the late survey by Mr. Low is to be regarded as a settlement of the matter — which few, if any, acquainted with the Mistassinni question would do. Having examined all the data bearing on the subject, I can but conclude that the bit of water which Mr. Low said he surveyed was only a small arm or branch of the lake reaching south from it, and that the Great Mistassinni itself was never seen by Mr. Low, much less surveyed. Unless we concluded with an ancient cynic that "All men are liars," then there surely is a vast body of water known to the natives as Big Mistassinni, lying in the wilderness several hundreds of miles from Hudson's Bay, yet to be visited and surveyed by white men. Mista, in Indian dialect, means great, and sinni means a stone or rock. And hence Mistassinni means the "Lake of Great Stones or Rocks." The Assiniboine, or Rocky River Indians of the West, were evidently of the same blood and language originally with these red men of the northern wilds.

years, the larder full of game and fish. This wrinkled, withered man went with them paddling his birch slowly on, deep laden with needed stuffs and precious things for dress and ornament at the marriage. For she said: "I will put on the raiment of my race when my foremothers reigned o'er half the world, and their banners, woven of cloth of gold, dark, with an emerald island at the centre, waved over ships which bore the trident at their bows, their sailors anchored under Mamelons a thousand and a thousand years before Spain sprang a mushroom from the old Iberian mold. I will stand or fall forever, Queen at Mamelons." So said she, and so meant. For all her blood thrilled with the haughty courage of that past, when fate was faced with open, steady eyes, and the god Death, that moderns tremble at, was met by men who gazed into his gloomy orbs with haughty stare as he came blackening on. So silently the silent man went on in his light bark, loaded with robes, heavy with flowered gold woven of old in looms whose soft movements, going deftly to and fro, sound no more, leaving no ripple as it went, steered by his withered hands, down the black river of the north, toward feast or funeral under Mamelons.

CHAPTER V.

AT MAMELONS.

SUMMER was at its hottest. The woods, sweltering under heavy heat, sweat odors from every gummy pore. Flowers, unless water-rooted, withered on their stalks. The lumbering moose came to the streams and stayed. The hot hills drove him down. The feathered mothers of the streams led down their downy progeny to wider waters. The days were hot as ovens and the nights dewless. The soft sky hardened and shone brazen from pole to pole. The poplar leaves shrank from their trembling twigs and the birches shriveled in the heat. But on the rivers the air was moist and cool, lily-sweetened, and above their heads, at night, the yellow stars swung in their courses like golden globes, large, soft, and round. So the two boats went on through lovely lakes, floating slowly down the flowing rivers without hap or hazard till they came to the last portage, beyond which flowed

the Stygian* river, whose gloomy tide flows out of death into bright life at Mamelons.

They took the shortest trail. Straight up it ran over the mighty ridge which downward slopes on the far side, eastward to that strange bay men call Eternity. It was an old trail only ran by runners who ran for life and death when war blazed suddenly and tribes were summoned in hot haste to rally. But she was happy-hearted, and, half jesting, half in earnest, said: "Take the short trail. My heart is like a bird flying long kept from home. Let me go straight." So on the trail the two men toiled all day, while she played with the sands upon the shore and crowned herself with lilies, saying: "The queens of my old line loved lilies. I will have lily at my throat when I am wed."

So, when night had come, the boats and all their lading were on the other side, and they were on the ridge, which sloped either way, the sunset at their backs, the gloomy gorge ahead. Then, pausing on the crest, swept to its rocks by rasping winds, the sunset at her back, the gloom before, she said: "Here will we bivouac. The sky is dewless, and the air is cool. The trail from this runs easy down. I would start with sunrise on my face toward Mamelons."

So was it done, and they made camp beneath the trees, a short walk from the ridge, where the great spruce stood thickly, and a spring boiled upward through the gravel, cold as ice.

The evening passed like a sweet song through dewy air. She was so full of health, so richly gifted, so happy in her heart, so nigh to wedded life with him she worshipped, that her soul was full of joyousness, as the lark's throat, soaring skyward, is of song. She chatted like a magpie in many tongues, translating rare old bits of foreign wit and ancient mirth with apt and laughable grimaces. Her face was mobile, rounding with jollity or lengthening with woe at will. She had the light foot and pliant limb, the superb pose, abandon, and the languishing repose of her old race, whose princesses, with velvet feet, tinkling ankles, and forms voluptuous, lithe as snakes, danced before kings and won

* The waters of the Saguenay are unlike those of any other river known. They are a purple-brown, and, looked at *en masse*, are, to the eye, almost black. This peculiar color gives it a most gloomy and gressive look, and serves to vastly deepen the profound impression its other peculiar characteristics make upon the mind.

kingdoms with applause from those whom, by their wheeling, swaying, flashing beauty, they made wild. She danced the dances of the East, when dancing was a language and a worship, with pantomime so rare and eloquent that the pleased eye translated every motion, as the ear catches the quick speech. Then sang she the old songs of buried days, sad, wild, and sweet as love singing at death's door to memory and to hope; the song of joys departed and of joys to come. So passed the evening till the eastern stars, wheeling upward, stood in the zenith. Then with lingering lips she kissed her lover on the mouth, and on her couch of fragrant boughs fell fast asleep, forgetful of all things but life and love; murmuring softly in her happy dreams, "To-morrow night," and after a little space, again, "Sweet, sweet to-morrow!"

But all the long evening through, the old tongueless chief of measureless Mistassinni sat as an Indian sits when death is coming—back straightened, face motionless, and eyes fixed on vacancy. Not till the girl lay sleeping on the boughs did he stir muscle. Then he rose up, and with dilating nostrils tested the air, and his throat rattled. Then put his ear to earth, as man to wall, listening to the voices running through the framework of the world,* cast cones upon the dying brands, and, standing in the light made by the gummy rolls, said to the Trapper in dumb show: "The dead are moving. The earth cracks beneath the leaves. The old trail is filled with warriors hurrying eastward out of death. Their spears are slanted as when men fly. They wave us downward toward the river. Call her you love from dreamland and let us go."

To which the Trapper, answering, signed:—

"Chief, old age is on you, and the memory of old fights. 'Tis always so with you red men.† The old fields stir you, and here upon this ridge we fought your fight of rescue.

* I have been often surprised at the many and strange sounds which may at times be heard by putting the ear flat to the sod or to the bark of trees. Even the sides of rocks are not dumb, but often resonant with noise,—of running waters, probably—deep within. It would seem that every formation of matter had, in some degree, the characteristics of a whispering gallery, and that, were our ears only acute enough, we might hear all sounds moving in the world.

† It is said that Indians cannot sleep upon a battle-field, however old, because of superstitious fear. They admit themselves that it is not well to do it, and always, under one excuse or another, avoid doing so.

God! what a rush we made! The air was full of hatchets as of acorns under shaken oaks when I burst through. I kicked an old skull under moss as we halted here, that she might not see it. It lies under that yellow tuft. I have ears, and I tell you nothing stirs. It is your superstition, chief. Neither living nor dead have passed to-night. A man without cross knows better. I will wait here till dawn. She said: 'I would see sunrise in my face when I start for Mamelons,' and she shall. I have said."

To this the chief, after pause, signed back:—

"I have stood the test, and from the burning stake went beyond flesh. I have seen the dead and know them. I say the dead have passed to-night. Even as she danced her happy dances, and you laughed, I saw them crowd the ridge and come filing downward. They fled with slanted spears. You know the sign. It was a warning, and for us and her. For, with the rest, heading the line, there walked two chiefs whose bosoms bore the Tortoise sign. I knew them. They slanted spears at her, and waved us down; then glided on at speed. And others yet I saw, not of my race—a woman floating in the air, her mother, clothed as she shall be to-morrow, and with her a long line of faces, like to hers asleep, save eager-looking, anxious; and they, too, waved us downward toward the river. This is no riddle, Trapper. It is plain. When do the dead move without cause? Awake your bride from dreams and come down. Some fate is flying with flat wings this way, I know not what. I only know the dead have waved me toward water and I go."

So saying, he took the dark trail downward, and in darkness disappeared.

"The spell is on him," muttered the Trapper, as he sodded the brands, "and naught may stop him. The old fool will do some stumbling on the trail before his moccasins touch sand." And saying this, he gently kissed the sleeping girl, and taking her small hand in his strong palm, he fell asleep; sleeping upon the crumbling edge of fate and death, not knowing. Had he but known! Then might wedding bells, not wail, have sounded over Mamelons.

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"Awake! awake! my God! the fire is on us, *Atla!*" so roared he, standing straight.

Up sprang she, quick as a flash, and stood in the red light by his side, cool, collected, while with swift, steady hands, she clothed herself for flight. Then swept with haughty glance the flaming ridge and said: "The light that lights my way to Mamelons, my love, is hotter than sunrise; but we may head it." Then, with him, turned, and fled with rapid, but sure, feet down the smoking trail.

The fire was that old one which burnt itself into the memories of men so it became a birthmark, and thus was handed down to generations.* None knew how kindled. It first flared westward of the shallow lake, where Mistassinni empties its brown waters from the north, and at the first flash flamed to the sky. It is a mystery to this day, for never did fire kindled in woods or grass run as it ran. It raced a race of death with every living thing ahead of it, and won against the swiftest foot of man or moose. The whirring partridge, buzzing on for life, tumbled, featherless, a lump of singed, palpitating flesh, into the ashes. The eagle, circling a mile from earth, caught in the rising vortex of hot air, shrunk like a feather touched by heat, and, lessening as he dropped, reached earth a cinder. The living were cremated as they crouched in terror or fled screaming. The woods were hot as hell. Trees, wet mosses, sodden mold, brooks, springs, and even rivers, disappeared. Rocks cracked like cannon overcharged. The face of cliffs slid downward or fell off with crashes like split thunder. It was a fire as hot, as fierce, as those persistent flames which melt the solid core of the world.

Downward they raced in equal flight. Her foot was as the fawn's: his stride like that of moose. She bounded on. He swept along o'er all. They spake no word save once. She slipped. He plucked her from the ground, and said: "Brave one, we'll win this race—speed on." She flashed a bright look back to him and flew faster. Thus, over boulders and round rocks, they sprang and ran. Above, the flying sheets of flame; behind, the red consuming line; around them, the horrid crackling of shriveling leaves; ahead, the water, nigh to which they were; when, suddenly, they

*It has been told me that many children born after the terrible conflagration that had swept the forest from west of Lake St. John to Chicoutimi, and which ran a course of 150 miles in less than seven hours, were marked, at birth, as with fire.

ran into blinding smoke and lost the trail, and, tearing onward, without sight, she fell and, striking a sharp rock, lay still, numbed to weakness. The Trapper, stumbling after, fell prone beside her, but his strong frame stood the hard shock, and staggered upward. He felt for her, and found her limp. She knew his touch, and murmured faintly, with clear tones: "Dear love, stay not for me; go on and live. Atla knows how to die."

He snatched her to his breast and through his teeth, "*O God! have you no mercy?*" then plunged onward, running slanting upward, for smoke was thick below, and he knew the trees grew stunted on the cliffs. He ran like madman. A saint running out of hell might not run swifter. He was in hell, the hell of fire; with heaven, the heaven of cool, reviving water just ahead. The strength of ten was in him, and it sent his body, with her body on his breast, onward like a ball. His hair crimped to the black roots of it. He felt it not. His skin blistered on cheek and hands. He only strained her closer to his bosom and tore on. With garments blazing, he whirled onward up the slope, streamed like a burning arrow, along the ridge which edges the monstrous rock men call Cape Trinity, slid, tumbled, fell down its smoking slope, until he came to where the awful front drops sheer; then heaving up his huge frame, still clasping her sweet weight within strong arms, plunged, like a burnt log rolling out of fire, into the dark, deep, blessed tide.

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Morn came, but brought no sunrise. Smoke, black and dense, filled the great gorge, and hung pulseless over the charred mountains. Soot scummed the water levels, and new brooks, flowing in new channels, tasted like lye. Smells of a burnt world filled the air. The nose shrank from breath, and breathed expectant of offence. The fire brought death to ten thousand living things, and filled all the waste with stench of shallow graves, burnt skins, and smoldering bones.

The dead had saved the living, for the old chief lived. From the red beach he saw the Trapper's race for life along the smoking ridge, and paddled quick to where he made his awful, headlong plunge into Eternity.* From the deep

*The recess of water curving inward toward the mountains between Cape Trinity and Eternity is called Eternity Bay.

depths he rose, like a dead fish to surface, his breath beaten out of him, but clasping still in tight arms the muffled form. His tongueless saviour—so paying life with life, the old debt wiped out at last—towed him to shore and on the beach revived him with rude skill persistent. He came to sense with violence, torn convulsively. His soul woke facing backward, living past life again. To feet he sprang at his first breath, and cried: "*Awake! awake! my God! the fire is on us, Atla!*" then plucked her from the sand where she lay, weak as a wilted flower, and started with a bound to fly. The touch of her bent form, drooping in his arms, recalled his soul to sense, and he knew all, and reeled with the woe of it. Down at the water's edge he sank, cast covering cloth from head and hands, bathed her dark face, and murmured loving words to her still soul.

Through realms and spaces of deep trance her spirit lingered in dim void 'twixt life and death, heard love's call, and struggled back toward life and sense. From pulseless breast her soul clomb up, pushed the fringed lids apart, and gazed, through wide eyes of sweet surprise, upon his worshipped face: then sank, leaving a smile upon her lips, within the safe inclosure of deep sleep. All day she slept within his arms. All night she slumbered on. Wisely he waited, saying: "Sleep to the overtaxed means life. It is the only medicine, and sure. In sleep the wearied find new selves."

But when the second morning after starless night came to the world, she felt the waking gray of it upon her lids, and, stirring in his arms, like wounded bird in nest, moved mouth and opened eyes, and gazed slowly round, as seeking knowledge of place and time and circumstance. Then memory came, and she remembered all, and softly said: "Art thou alive, dear love? I have been with the dead. The dead were very kind, but oh, I missed you so," and with soft hand she stroked his face caressingly. The old chief mutely stood, watching, with gloomy eyes, the sad sight. He read the motion of her lips, and in his tongueless throat there grew a moan, and his dry lids wet themselves with tears. She noticed him and said: "You, too, alive, old servitor! The gods are strict, but merciful. Two of the three remain. The one alone must go. So is it well." Then to her worshipped one: "Dear love, this is a gloomy place. Let us go on. The smoke hides the bright world. I long for light.

The fate is not yet sure. The blood of our old race holds tightly to last chance. We face it out with death to the last throb. Then yield, not sooner. Who knows? I may find sunrise yet at Mamelons."

So was it done.

They placed her on soft skins within the boat facing him who steered, for she said: "Dear love, the dead see not the living. If I go I may not see you evermore. So let me look on your dear face while yet I may. To-day is mine. To-morrow — I know not who may own to-morrow."

Thus, he at stern and she at stem, softly placed on piled skins, her dark eyes on his face, they glided out of the deep bay, round the gray base of the dread cape that stands eternal, and floated downward with the black ebb toward the sea. Past islands and through channels intricate, they went in silence, until they came to where the Marguerite, with tuneful mouth, runs singing over shining sands, pouring out into dark Saguenay, as life pours into death: then breathed they freer airs, and the freshness of untainted winds fell sweetly down upon them from over-hanging hills, and thus she spake:—

"Dear love, I know not what may be. We mortals are not sure of anything. The end of sense is that of knowledge. We know we live forever. For so our pride compels, and some have seen the dead moving. But under what conditions we do live beyond, we know not. Hence hate I death. It is an interruption and a stoppage of plans and joys which work and flow in sequence; severs us from loved connections; for the certain gives us the uncertain, and in place of solid substantial facts forces us to build our future lives on the unfixd and changeful foundations of hopes and dreams. It is not moral state that puzzles. We of the old race never worried over that. For we knew if we were good enough to live here, and once, then we were good enough to live elsewhere and forever; but it was the nature of existence, its environment, and the connections growing out of these that filled the race whose child I am with dread and dole. For all the women of my race loved with great loves — the loves of lovers who sublimated life in loving, and knew no higher and no holier, nor cared to know. We cast all on that one chance; winning all in winning, and losing all if we lost. With me it is the same. I love you with a

love that maketh life. I am a slave to it. It is my strength or weakness, as has been with the women of my blood from the beginning. I have no other creed, nor faith, nor hope. To-day I see thee, and I have. To-morrow whom shall I see? The dead? I care not for the dead. There is not one among them I may love, for loving thee has cut me off from loving other one forever; unless the alchemy of death works back the creative process, undoing all of blood and nature, and sends us into nothingness, then brings us forth by new processes foreign to what we were, and wholly different from our old selves, which is a consummation horrible to think of."

"Nay, nay," exclaimed the Trapper. "Such cannot be. Our loves, if they be large and whole, grow with us, and with our lives live on forever."

"It may be so, dear love," replied the girl. "Love's prophecy should be true as sweet, or else your sacred books are vain. For in them it is written, 'Love is of God.' But oh, how shall I find thee in that other world? For wide and dim must stretch its spaces, and vast must be its intervals. This earth is small. We who live on it, few. Within the circle of three generations all living stand. But the dead are many. The sands of Mamelons are not so numberless. They totalize the ages; the land they dwell in beyond mortal compass. Who may be sure of meeting anyone in such a realm? At what point on its boundaries shall I wait and watch? How signal thee, by hand or voice, when out of earth, like feather, blown, by that strange movement men call death, into the endless distances, thou comest suddenly. Alas! alas! I know not if beyond this day, I, going out of this dear sunlight, may ever and forever look upon thy face again!"

"Atla," returned the Trapper, "I know not what may be. But this I know and swear, that if a trail pushed, seeking, through a thousand or ten thousand years, may bring me to thy side, we two shall meet in heaven."

"Oh, love, say those sweet words again," she cried. "Say more than them. Crowd into this one day, that I am sure of, the vows and loves of half a life, that I may go, if go I must, out of thy sight from Mamelons, heartfelt, upheld by an immortal hope. And here I pledge thee, by the Sacred Fire that burns forever, that if power bestowed by nature, or artfully acquired by patience working through ten thousand

years, may find thee after death, then some time will I find my heaven in thy arms, not found till then. So, now, in holy covenant we will rest until we come to Mamelons, and ever after. I feel the breeze of wider water on my cheek and breathe the salted air. I shall know soon if ever sunrise shine for me at Mamelons."

So went they down in silence with the tide that whirled itself in eddies toward the sea; past L'Anse a l'Eau, where now the salmon swim and spawn against their will,* past the sharp point of rounded rocks, where sportively the white whales † roll, and, steering straight across the harbor's mouth where her Basque fathers anchored ships before the years of men, ‡ ran boat ashore where the great ledge runs, sloping down from upper sand to water, and shining beach and gray rock meet.

But as they crossed the harbor's mouth, sailing straight on abreast of Mamelons, its bright sands blackened and a shadow darkened on its front, and, as they bore her tenderly to the terrace, where stood tent and priest, a tremor shook the quivering earth, and through the darkening air a wave of thunder rolled.

"Dear love," she said, "it may not be. The fate still holds. The doom works out its dole. I may not be thy wife this side grave. What rights I have beyond I shall know soon. For soon the sight § will come to me, and what is hidden now will stand out plain." Then, lying on the skins, she gazed at Mamelons, looming vast and black in shadow, and, closing eyes, she prayed unto the gods, the earthborn, old-time fathers of her race.

* At L'Anse a l'Eau, where the Saguenay steamers land passengers for Tadousac, the tourist will find a fine collection of large salmon at the upper end of the little bay or recess, for here is one of the salmon-hatching stations under government patronage.

† The white whales, commonly called porpoises, are very plentiful at the mouth of the Saguenay, and to a stranger present a very novel and entertaining spectacle tumbling in the black water. They are hunted by the natives for both their skins and oil.

‡ Personally, I hold to the opinion that the eastern hemisphere never lost its knowledge of the western, but that from immemorial times, the Basques and their Iberian ancestors visited at regular intervals the St. Lawrence, both gulf and river. Of course, the grounds on which I base such an opinion cannot be presented in this note.

§ It is held by some that certain families have the power of "second sight," or to look into the future, come to them just before death. I have known cases where such power, apparently, did come to the dying. The Basque people held strongly to the belief that all of their kingly line were seers or prophets, and that, especially before dying, each had a full, clear view of the future.

But he could not have it so, and when prayer was ended said: "Atla, we have come far for marriage rite, and married we will be. Thou art mistaken. I have seen shadow settle and heard thunder roll before. In eye nor cheek are death's pale signals set. The holy man is here. Here ring and seal. Forget the doom, and let the words be read that bindeth to the grave."

To this she answering said: "Dear love, thou art in error, but thy word is law. My stay is brief. When yonder shadow passes I shall pass. There sleeps my father, and with him I must sleep. The earth is conscious. I am of those who were earthborn, and so she feels our coming and our going as the mother feels life and death of child. The sun is on the western hills. At sunset I shall die. But if it may stay up thy soul through the sad years, bid the good man go on."

Then took the priest his book, and, in the language of the Latins, so old to us, so new beside her tongue, whose literature was dead a thousand years before Rome was, began to bind, by the manufactured custom of modern men, whose binding is of law and not of love, and hence a mockery. But ere he came to that sweet fragment of love and faith, stolen from the past, the giving and receiving of a ring, symbol of eternity, she suddenly lifted hand and said:—

"Have done! Have done! No need of marriage now. No need of rite, nor prayer, nor endless ring, nor seal of sacred sign. I see what is to be. The veil is lifted and I see beyond. I see the millions of my race lift over Mamelons. They come as come the seas toward shore, rolling in countless billows from central ocean. The old Iberian race, millions on millions, landscapes of moving forms, aligned with the horizon, come, marching on. Among them, lifted high, the gods. On thrones a thousand queens sit regnant, raimented like me. Their voice is as the sound of many waters:—

"Last, best, and highest over all, we place thee."

"The gods say so? So be it, then. Mother, I have kept charge. My love has won him. The old race stops, but by no fault of mine. My people, this man is lord and king to me. See that ye bring him to my throne when he comes seeking to the West. Dear love, you will excuse me now. I must pass on; but passing on I leave my soul with thee. Make grave for me on Mamelons. Put lily at my throat, green boughs on breast, bright sands on boughs. Watch

with me there one night. I will be there with thee. So keep with Atla holy tryst one night and only one — then go thy way. We two will have sweet meeting after many days." And saying this she put soft hand in his and died.

Her lover, kneeling by her couch, put face to her cold cheek, nor stirred. The holy man said softly holy prayer; while the old tongueless chief of Mistassinni wrapped head in blanket, and through the long night sat as one dead.

Next day the silent man made silent grave on Mamelons. At sunset they brought her to it, raimented like a queen, and laid her body in bright sand; put lily at her throat, green boughs on peaceful breast, and slowly sifted clean sand over all.

That night a lonely man sat by a lonely grave, through the long watches keeping holy tryst. But when the sun came up, rising out of mists which whitened over Anticosti, he rose, and, standing with bared head, he said:—

"Atla,* we two will have sweet meeting after many days." Then went his way.

And there, on that high crest, whose sands first saw the sunrise of the world, when sang the stars of morning, beyond doom and fate, at last, the child of the old race, which lived in the beginning, sweetly sleeps at Mamelons.

* I named my heroine Atla, because I hold that the Basques not only are descendants of the old Iberians, but that the Iberians were a colony from Atlantis. I accept fully Ignatius Donnelly's conclusions as to the actual old-time existence of a great island continent in the Atlantic Ocean, and believe that in it the human race began and developed a civilization inconceivably perfect and splendid, of which the Egyptian, Peruvian, Iberian, and Mexican were only colonial repetitions. Atla is, therefore, the proper name for the last of the old Basque-Iberian blood to have, as it is the root of Atlantis (Atla-ntis), the original motherland of all. I have never met Mr. Donnelly, and may never meet him, and hence I make this opportunity to express the obligation I am under to him for entertainment and profit. The patience of the scholarship that could accumulate the material for a book like his "Atlantis" is worthy of a wider and more grateful acknowledgment than this superficial age of ours is able to give, for it cannot appreciate it. No man with any pretensions of scholarly attainments can afford to let "Atlantis" go unread.

PRESS COMMENTS ON THE JANUARY ARENA.

A deeply interesting, genuinely original and profoundly thoughtful magazine. — *Washington Daily Press*.

A magazine of unusual excellence. — *New York Star*.

A splendid specimen of a great American magazine. — *Chicago Herald*.

A credit to Boston. — *The Nationalist* (Boston).

Has reached the front rank of live and brainy monthlies at a single bound. — *Daily News* (Denver, Col.)

Pre-eminently a magazine of ideas and will be a welcome visitor to the library tables of the thoughtful. — *Daily Light* (San Antonio, Tex.)

The Arena is the most liberal of the three great reviews and will rank high in this age of magazines. — *Daily Hawk-eye* (Burlington, Iowa).

A powerful, progressive monthly. — *Press and People* (Galesburgh, Ill.)

The second number of this high class periodical is an improvement on the first which was received cordially on all sides. — *Democrat Gazette* (Davenport, Iowa).

In general scope as in name it is more suggestive of the *Forum* than any other magazine. — *Christian Advocate* (Nashville, Tenn.)

It is seldom indeed that one has the opportunity of reading in a single issue of a magazine such a galaxy of really fine writers. — *Industrial World* (Chicago, Ill.)

If future numbers are kept up to the present, success is certain. Such a monthly magazine must have a wide reading by the intelligent and progressive public. — *Daily News* (Danville, Ill.)

The Arena is a new Boston magazine that starts out with a snap that promises to revive the glories of the original *Atlantic*. There is a great chance for a live, square-toed magazine. *Harper* and the *Century* have worked matters down to the most magnificently illustrated drivel. — *Truth* (New York).

This new publication, which has made a decided leap into public favor, presents an unusually strong number for January. *The Arena* has come to stay. Its letter-press is rich in finish and perfect from cover to cover. — *Daily Times* (Norristown, Pa.)

The Arena for January, the second number of the new Boston Review, whose December issue met with an almost unprecedented sale, is fully up to the remarkable standard of its predecessor. — *People and Patriot* (Concord, N. H.)

The January *Arena* will challenge the attention of the reading public as will few of the great Reviews and Magazines of the day. It deserves the liberal patronage it is already receiving.—*Republic* (Washington, D. C.)

The January *Arena* is a remarkable number of this new magazine, which while occupying a position distinct from the *North American Review*, is far ahead of the *Forum*, which undertook to fill the place which *The Arena* so amply occupied at its inception.—*Evening Record* (Norwich, Conn.)

The Arena for January bears out the promise of the first number and by its solid merit as a review gives assurance that the new enterprise will be a success.—*Morning Times* (Lowell, Mass.)

The January number of Boston's new review, *The Arena*, fully justifies the expectations aroused by the initial issue, and demonstrates that one more substantial addition has been made to the periodical literature of the country.—*The Beacon* (Boston).

It has often appeared to the reading public in a singular light that the *Forum* and *North American Review*, the leading organs of the recognized thinkers of the day, should both emanate from New York, while Boston, the acknowledged centre of American forces, has no mouth-piece. In view of this fact it is with universal pleasure that Bostonians welcome the new magazine, *The Arena*, whose second number has just appeared.

The character of *The Arena* is fully as high as that of the *Forum*, while its field is even wider, for it discusses not only political questions but all matters of social interest. Never has a new publication started out with more promise of excellence and success.—*Boston Commonwealth*.

The Arena is a monthly review for thoughtful people. Thoughtful people, people of brains, genius, and "snap," write for it. There is very little "repose" in *The Arena*. It is a place for action. To this present (January) number Dion Boucicault, Robert G. Ingersoll, Henry George, Joaquin Miller, Laurence Grönlund, W. H. H. Murray, Hugh O. Pentecost, and a half score more of well-known writers contribute. *The Arena* is not a magazine to be read lounging or to fall asleep over. You will lay your cigar aside and sit bolt upright before you have finished the first dozen pages.—*Sunday Budget* (Boston).

This is but the second number of this magazine, and already it takes rank among the first of its kind in the country. Those who are seeking after food for thought will find in *The Arena* a bill of fare from which the most ravenous appetite can find gratification.—*Daily Advocate* (Lewiston, Maine).

We congratulate the people of Boston and New England on the advent of *The Arena*, a new monthly magazine, of which the second number has just been issued. It is essentially a nineteenth century publication. Boston has been strangely weak in the magazine treatment of

the leading problems of the day, although in and about that city are grouped some of the strongest thinkers of the age. We hope that they will make liberal use of the new magazine.—*Plymouth Magazine* (Plymouth, Mass.)

The Arena for January abounds in good things for those who are wearied of the shallow streams of literature and desire to drink of deeper waters. It is not altogether a number to place in the hands of the ultra-conservative in religion or society, as it contains too much honest thought for those accustomed to have their thoughts shaped for them by others. Taken as a whole it is an issue for thinkers of these modern times; of reasoners who do not grow affrighted at the tendencies of their own thoughts or cast aside as irrelevant or worthless the reasonings of others.—*Evening Times* (Rochester, N. Y.)

The January number of *The Arena*, the new Boston magazine, is a mine of information and a literary feast to all who read it. It comes into the field at a time when it is sure to win its way to success, for it has taken to assist it in the task some of the foremost writers and thinkers of the day. The second number of *The Arena* will have a great many more readers than the first, and its friends will multiply as it grows older.—*Daily Day* (New London, Connecticut).

The Arena is a new monthly magazine, devoted to the expression of the bravest and freshest thoughts of the times. It has no favorite champions shielded by the editorial mantle.

They who contribute, like knights of old, throw down the gauntlet, and must be prepared to defend themselves against all comers. They may rest assured that all they write will be subjected to the hottest fires of criticism, knowing neither fear nor favor. It is rightly named, for as in the arena of ancient times, the gladiators fought with each other and with wild beasts in fierce physical combat, on this new arena is exhibited the struggle of ideas, with the assurance that the truth as the "fittest," only can survive.—*Golden Gate* (San Francisco, Cal.)

The Arena, the new Boston monthly magazine, has jumped into the very centre of the arena of popular favor at one bound, and bids fair to become a formidable rival to even the *Forum* and the *North American Review*. The first number, issued in December, won high encomiums from all sides, except a few so-called "religious" journals, whose "brotherly love" and "Christian charity" could not abide another organ of free thought and true as well as free speech. And now January brings us the second number, which is every whit as brilliant and broad as the first. *The Arena* will be devoted to a full, free, and fair discussion of all important questions; all sides will be accorded a hearing, the motto of the publishers being: "Let truth and error grapple. The friends of truth ought not to fear the issue of a free encounter."

The January number opens with a brilliant article by Robert G. Ingersoll on "God in the Constitution," in which he powerfully puts the argument against the proposed amend-

ment to put a recognition of the Deity in the Constitution—an argument which appeals to the common sense and patriotism of the churchman quite as much as to the common sense of so-called agnostics. Dion Bouicault discusses what he calls “Spots on the Sun” of Shakespeare; Laurence Grönlund writes on “Nationalism,” a form of socialism, disparagingly; Frances Albert Doughty contributes “Evolution in Popular Ideals”; Hugh O. Pentecost strongly condemns what he terms “The Crime of Capital Punishment,” and Henry George gives his ideas of how to destroy the “rum power.” Joaquin Miller, W. H. H. Murray, J. Ransom Bridge and Louis Frechette are also contributors, in addition to the able editor, Mr. B. O. Flower.

Well, the more of such magazines the better. There is plenty of room for them in this broad and cultured land.—*Daily Standard Union* (Brooklyn, N. Y.)

Fresh, strong, vigorous, radical, interesting, brimful of matter to set you thinking.—*Daily Gate City* (Keokuk, Iowa).

The Arena has made a sturdy bound into life and has secured a strong list of contributors. Its addition of poetry and fiction will add to its popularity.—*Jewish Messenger*.

The second number of the new magazine, *The Arena*, is in every respect equal to the first. Few magazines present such a rich variety of solid and entertaining matter as *The Arena* in its first two numbers has afforded us, and we hope that each succeeding month will find it equally as effective and instructive.—*The Open Court* (Chicago).

The advent of this new review created a decided sensation in the literary world last month. Published in Boston, it filled a place heretofore avoided by the other magazines and reviews, and at once made itself master of the liberal, or what may be termed the extremely broad domain of modern thought and impulse. The January number is a rare volume of choice contributions, beginning with Ingersoll and ending with Murray.—*Citizen* (Lowell, Mass.)

If the promise given in the first two numbers of *The Arena* does not prove vain as the months go by, this magazine is destined to become a very great favorite with educated minds. Its vigorous articles are sure to stimulate thought and probably arouse opposition. But though its readers may take different positions to those of its contributors, they cannot but commend the temperate language in which the theories are stated and defended.—*North-Ender* (North Toronto, Canada).

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A PAPER will appear in *THE ARENA* at an early date, prepared by Rev. R. HEBER NEWTON, on the "Dogmatism of Science."

"INDIVIDUALISM VERSUS SOCIALISM" is the subject upon which WM. LLOYD GARRISON is writing for *THE ARENA*. Mr. GARRISON will discuss the problem as an Individualist.

THE HON. A. B. RICHMOND, author of "Leaves from the Diary of an Old Lawyer," etc., has prepared a paper, rich in interest and forcible in expression, on the question of the ages, "Is there a To-morrow for the Human Race?" Judge RICHMOND is one of Pennsylvania's leading criminal lawyers, and his long experience at the bar, his profound legal insight and intimate knowledge of the laws governing evidence, render him admirably suited to forcibly discuss this problem, which possesses for mankind such an irresistible fascination.

GODIN'S SOCIAL PALACE will be described in an early issue of *THE ARENA* by a well-known writer who spent three months at Guise, studying this unique social experiment. This will constitute one of the series of social and industrial papers which are appearing in each issue of the *ARENA*. Last month Socialism or Nationalism was brilliantly set forth. This month the talented editor of the *Literary World*, and author of the ablest work on "Profit Sharing" that has yet been written, sets forth the advantages of profit sharing in a remarkably thoughtful manner. By discussing the social problems fully from all sides, we will not only ultimately arise on a higher plane, but the agitation will awaken the sleeping conscience of the nation to the fact that civilization demands immediate and radical reforms.

OUR first "No Name" paper is unavoidably crowded out of this issue. It will, however, appear in the March *ARENA*, and the first reader who shall send us the first correct name of the author (each person being limited to one guess) will receive *THE ARENA* free for one year. While all other persons who send us the name of the author before the appearance of our April *ARENA* will receive the April number as a present. The author is a well-known magazine-writer.

"EVOLUTION AND THE CHRISTIAN PLAN OF SALVATION," a strong paper by HUDSON TUTTLE, author of "Studies in the Outlying Fields of Psychic Science," "The Arcana of Nature," etc., will appear shortly in *THE ARENA*.

PROF. S. P. WAIT will contribute a paper to an early number of *THE ARENA* on the "Symbolic Characters of the Old Testament."

JUNIOR HENRI BROWNE's paper, entitled "What is Religion?" which will appear in an early number of *THE ARENA*, will be followed with great interest. Mr. BROWNE is at once an entertaining and thoughtful writer.

RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER's masterly paper on "The Present Aspects of Religious Thought in Germany" will appear in our next issue. It is a paper that will command the careful attention of students of nineteenth-century thought. Rabbi SCHINDLER is always strong and original, and in this paper he is seen at his best.

A POEM of some length, written by the Rev. MINOT J. SAVAGE, will be one of the strong features of our March *ARENA*. It is entitled "Pan's Revenge." The subject was suggested to Mr. SAVAGE while sitting in the shadow of the Coliseum one glorious evening last summer. It contains much food for thought, clothed in rhythmic beauty.

THIS month we give as a frontispiece the portrait of Gen. CLINTON B. FISK. Next month we will have an excellent portrait of Rev. Dr. HOWARD CROSBY.

WE call especial attention to the magnificent portrait of MODJESKA made from a recent photograph taken by SARONY. Mme. MODJESKA's charming reminiscences will be continued in our March ARENA.

A. C. WHEELER, "NYM CRINKLE," has written a paper entitled "The Extinction of Shakespeare," being a review of Mr. BOUCAULT's "Spots on the Sun." This will be one of the features of our March number.

NEXT month we will publish the first part of Mr. MURRAY's exquisite new prose-poem, "Ungava." This is a companion idyl to "Mamelons," and in many respects is superior even to that wonderful legend. It is more dramatic, and more out of the common run of composition. These marvellously beautiful Canadian idyls are unique in our literature, and are a great credit to the brilliant brain of Mr. W. H. H. MURRAY.

THE full-page photogravure illustrating a scene in Mamelons, in this issue, was drawn for this work by Mr. HAMILTON GIBSON, the renowned artist, who, in field and forest scenes, is unsurpassed.

WE call special attention to the opening paper of Mr. HODGSON on "Psychical Research." Mr. HODGSON having given years of patient scientific study to what he terms "supernormal phenomena," is peculiarly fitted to write on this subject, especially as he views the subject as a dispassionate scientist seeking only the truth, and is even over-cautious lest he may be deceived. This series of papers will be read with great interest, and prove of inestimable value to all persons who are interested in the problems of psychic science. This is the first series of papers on this theme, discussed in a purely scientific manner by a profound thinker who has given the subject years of patient research, that has yet appeared in any great magazine.

ERRATA.—In paper on "Evolution in Popular Ideals" (January number, page 169), "Alchemy has traveled back to us from the past, disguised in a *thirteenth* century fashion, called 'Mental Healing,'" read "*nineteenth*."

AN original and thoughtful paper by E. S. HUNTINGTON will appear in an early number of THE ARENA on "Thought Force and its Socialistic Tendency." Mr. HUNTINGTON is one of the ablest young writers of the day, possessing much of his relative, Bishop HUNTINGTON's, power and ability.

IN contrast with the assault of the *Catholic Review* upon THE ARENA, noticed in our January number, we take pleasure in reproducing the following editorial notice from the *Western Catholic News*, of Chicago:—

THE ARENA for January is full of instructive reading. Being, as its name indicates, an arena for attack and defense, free to all, there are many strange theories advanced. It will pay to read it.

The editor of the *News* is a consistent Catholic, and, as we would naturally expect, he sharply criticises Col. INGERSOLL's article on "God in the Constitution." But he is not so blinded by prejudice, ignorance, or bigotry as to render it impossible for him to understand that in a field of intellectual combat, such as THE ARENA presents, there will necessarily be many mental combatants whose ideas will be diametrically opposed to those entertained by himself.

IT is a noticeable fact that in the general discussion of "Divorce" in press and periodicals, men have been chiefly called upon to express their opinions; and even when women have written, they have, for the most part, written from a strictly conservative standpoint. The large constituency of progressive and liberal thinkers among our intellectual women and those who have made the subject of "Divorce" a life study, have not as yet been properly represented. In an early issue of THE ARENA, ELIZABETH CADY

STANTON, HELEN GARDENER, and other progressive writers will discuss "Divorce and the Proposed National Law" in an able, vigorous, and in many respects original manner. Probably no woman in the land is better able to discuss the question of "Divorce" than Mrs. STANTON, owing to her long and exhaustive study of the subject; while Miss GARDENER is unquestionably one of the brightest and strongest writers of the day.

EDITORIAL notes are unavoidably crowded out this month owing to the length of "Mamelons" and other papers, which exceed our regular limit.

STEPHEN M. ALLEN, A. M., LL. B., F. R. H. S., has prepared a scientific paper for THE ARENA, entitled, "A Newly Discovered Law in Physics." Mr. ALLEN, it will be remembered, carried on a vigorous discussion a few years since with Prof. TYNDALL on "Light, Force, and Heat," which called forth much comment in both America and Europe.

REV. DR. CHEEVER's continued illness has prevented his completing his paper on "Eternal Punishment." We trust, however, we will be able to give it to our readers in the March ARENA, together with the Rev. W. E. MANLEY's contribution on the same theme.

EMILY KEMPIN, LL.D., Secretary of the Medico-Legal Society of New York, and President of the Woman's Law School Association, has prepared a paper of more than ordinary interest, entitled "The Alienist and the Law," which will appear in an early ARENA.

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